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THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SIDNEY AND LANGUET

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF PHILIP SIDNEY AND HUBERT LANGUET

EDITED BY
WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

BOSTON
THE MERRYMOUNT PRESS
MDCCCCXII

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INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION

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PHILIP SIDNEY first met Hubert Languet in the house of Andreas Wechel, the Protestant printer, at Frankfort. The meeting took place early in the autumn of 1572. Sidney was then in his eighteenth year, and fresh from Oxford and his first glimpse of court life. He had left England in May to enter upon that period of study and travel abroad which was beginning to be regarded as essential to the complete education of every well-born young Englishman who looked forward to a public career in his own country. Both he and Languet had recently been in Paris, where they had witnessed the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew. But while Sidney, safely hidden in the house of Sir Francis Walsingham, the English Resident Minister, encountered no real peril during the seven days of slaughter, Languet, who had incurred hostility by his open advocacy of the Huguenots, narrowly escaped death. The latter was fifty-four at this time, but the long years of arduous labour as diplomatic agent and envoy had not altered a generous and even genial disposition, or rendered an unusually warm heart less responsive to the appeal of youth. Languet stated that he was first drawn

to Sidney by a perception of intellectual promise in the lad, and by a presentiment of the part that one so endowed by nature and favoured by fortune might well come to play in the European drama. Perhaps he even represented to himself the opportunity thus offered him, not only to form such a future leader in accordance with his own conception of what Protestant leadership should be, but, in still bolder speculation, to make him the instrument by means of which England, the laggard nation, might, in time, be stirred to shake off her lethargy, and become the champion of the reformed cause. Such considerations, however, soon became secondary as Languet passed more and more under the spell of that "high and excellent spirit," that strong personal charm, which, even thus early, Sidney was beginning to cast over all who approached him. The latter could only have been flattered by the consideration shown him by a distinguished man so much his senior. He had come abroad for such intercourse with those who could school him in the affairs of Europe, and he found in Languet a preceptor who seemed as eager to teach as he himself was to listen and learn. But it was not long before Sidney forgot the master in the friend whom, in spite of the difference in their years, he could still address as "Hubert."

Languet, the son of a Burgundian gentleman,

was a Protestant neither by inheritance nor by early education. Although a lively interest in the currents of religious controversy soon shook the bases of his Catholic belief and left him in a state of doubt and indecision, his change of faith did not occur definitely until he was nearly thirty years of age. By that time he had already travelled extensively and taken his degree at the University of Padua. He was still pursuing his legal studies in Italy, when he happened to read a treatise which convinced him by its clear and candid exposition of theological problems. The author was Melancthon. Languet was eager to meet the man of whom he afterwards wrote to Camerarius that "among all the doctors of the faith he seemed to me the only one who sincerely sought truth and sound religion;" and as there remained several points on which he required fuller light, he resolved to go to Wittenberg. The result of this visit was that he not only became confirmed in his conversion, but entered into relations of the closest intimacy with Melancthon. The intercourse between them, which was founded as much upon temperamental attraction as upon intellectual sympathy, probably had no small share in shaping both Languet's convictions and his character. In a letter to Sidney, he himself refers to the trait of open-mindedness which his contemporaries attributed

to the influence of Melancthon: "I am no Stoic, nor do I hold that all sins are equal. But it is a fault of my countrymen, that if an eminent man errs in the smallest thing, they at once class him with the most abandoned of men." That Languet was far from being strict in this narrow sense, and that he was not at all embittered by public disappointments which he took as deeply to heart as if they had been private misfortunes, is proved by many a passage in his letters to Sidney. He stands forth therein as a type of devotion free from fanaticism, and of adherence to principle without taint of personal prejudice. The young Englishman found an admirable mentor in this kindly, tolerant, well-disposed man of the world, who, without laxness, could waive the right to pass judgement upon his fellow-men, and who, without cynicism, could write to Sidney concerning some slight which the latter had received: "I consider that in these days men do a great deal, if they do not actually betray their friends; any additional good feeling must be set down as clear gain, as something over and above the conditions of ordinary friendship." If, to such counsels, are added those that grew out of Languet's abhorrence of a desire for reputation based solely upon bloodshed, and of relaxed observance of the usages of civilized warfare, there can be little doubt that every native impulse in Sidney, of gentleness, generosity, and chivalry, found vital

reinforcement in the humane influences exerted over him by his master, and thus, more remotely, by Melancthon himself.

From Frankfort, the two friends travelled together to Vienna, whither Languet was called to represent his patron, Augustus, Elector of Saxony, at the Imperial court. There Sidney remained until November of the following year, when he set out with a certain Count Hannau for Venice. This is the moment at which the letters begin. Languet at first wrote very frequently, and Sidney, both then and later, at longer and less regular intervals. Languet makes of this "neglect" an habitual subject of affectionate complaint. In their mutual reproaches and protestations, as well as in the terms of endearment which they employ towards each other, both writers adopt a language which, in this more reticent age, is associated with the sentiment of love rather than of friendship. Not that there is anything to offend the taste in this emotional expansiveness. Nothing could surpass the tact with which Sidney makes his offer of assistance to Languet, when he suspects that the note of depression detected in his friend's latest letter might have arisen from material necessities. And throughout Sidney's letters, on the personal side, there is that blending of solicitude and sentiment which exalted the boyish ideal of friendship.

Nor is the salt of humour absent from either Sidney or Languet. The latter was far from being a recluse. He had travelled extensively, lived much among men in courts and cities, and was a shrewd observer of national customs and characters. He liked good company, was not averse to the pleasures of the table, and was fond, it was said, of conversation which veered easily from matters of moment to jest and trifling. His letters, serious in the main, are spiced with pungencies of thought and expression. To the sallies of this seasoned scholar and statesman, Sidney, who, in spite of a taint of melancholy, had his share of boyish high spirits, responded with a gallant humour of hyperbole and exaggeration. When Languet, in a tone of banter, attacks the English, Sidney inveighs against the Burgundians in a similar strain. Many of the jests that pass between the two friends take this form of gibes against each other on national grounds. Nothing could be more characteristic of the cosmopolitan spirit of the age than such turning to matter of merriment, by two men of different birth, of those barriers which blood and centuries of separatism vainly interposed between them. Sidney, while proud of his own French strain, was a loyal and patriotic Englishman; and although so much of Languet's life was lived abroad in the service of foreign masters, he always remained at heart a Frenchman who, above all else, deplored the

miserable state into which his "unhappy country" had fallen. But neither the one nor the other shared in that spirit of national rivalry and exclusiveness represented by Humfrey Lhuid, whose "Britannicae descriptionis fragmentum" caught fire from Languet's reading-lamp and was nearly consumed. There is serious significance in Languet's satirical amusement at the expense of German and Welsh chauvinism for which Lhuid affords him the opportunity.

The sixteenth century north of the Alps is the point of contact between the modern and the mediaeval world, and the extraordinary confusion of its political and religious struggles was due to the clash between the not always peaceable recession of old forces and the impetus given to new ideas. Prominent among the latter was the formation of the consciousness of nations no less than the development of personality in the individual. Languet's cavalier treatment of Lhuid, who styled himself a "Cambro-Briton," is one of the rare references in the literature of the age pointing both to the existence of this nationalist sentiment among the learned, and to the antagonism which it provoked in certain quarters, particularly in the case of those who, with Languet, saw the danger of ideas of this nature to a state like France welded out of radically different component parts which had barely completed their unity. If the structure of such a state

should be disrupted, the whole constructive political work of the past would be undone, and there would be a rapid return to feudal disorder. Under such conditions further progress would be impossible. It is not strange, therefore, that Languet feared the growth of racial consciousness, since this promised to complete that work of disintegration which the Reformation, with its aftermath of religious dissensions and internecine strife, had already begun. What he underestimated was the value of this newly awakened sentiment as a force of resistance against the aggressive policies of Spain and of the papal power. Had it not come into existence, a higher degree of political unity might have been imposed upon a great part of Europe than ever before, but only through the iron domination of the Inquisition. Yet in spite of this, there is a breadth in Languet's view altogether lacking in that of opportunist statesmen and chauvinist preachers. The growth of nationalism was inevitable and necessary, but it by no means constituted an end in itself. Progress consists not in raising barriers between men, but in breaking them down. The only civilization worthy of the name is that to which each people and each nation brings its contribution as to a common store, for the general advancement of the race. Languet conceived of the states of Europe collectively as a Christian commonwealth. In this he was the heir of the

old imperial conception of the Middle Ages. Both he and Sidney are on the crest of that wave of mediaeval idealism spiritualized by humanistic culture, which breaks high up the slope of the modern time, and, for a moment, catches in its spray the gleam of new hopes and aspirations. But already in the world about them the waves recede, and despondently they see vanishing that vast conception of a common European polity and culture which both accepted unquestioningly as the condition precedent to all progress.

Languet depicts the physiognomy of the period in dark hues. "In your letters," says Sidney, "I fancy I see the picture of the age in which we live: an age that resembles a bow too long bent; it must be unstrung or it will break." The image is happily chosen to express the tension of the time. One great period had passed, another was preparing; and, in spite of Sidney's sanguine assertion that every wise man could see whither the rough storms were driving, it was easier to prophesy universal ruin than to tell what the precise issue would be. These letters reflect the distraught incertitude and feverish anxiety of the age of transition with dramatic intensity. They abound with detailed descriptions of contemporary events and with intimate portraits of prominent actors on the scene. But the principal interest of the letters is personal rather than historical. Their value for the student

lies less in the information they contain, than in what they reveal of the attitude of the two spectators towards the vast and shifting spectacle. Of this they were no merely disinterested observers. On the contrary, every new move and combination held them in suspense through the consciousness that the cause at stake was their own. Whatever their intellectual superiority as men of wide reading and students of the past, they were in no sense touched with philosophic indifference. Languet may have grown profoundly pessimistic, and inclined, as Sidney admonishes him, to surcharge his representations with shadows darker than the actual facts warranted, but he had not become sceptical. Both he and Sidney were distinctively men of their day, when reflection by no means precluded the possibility of action. Far from holding themselves aloof from the age's activities, they desired nothing so much as to participate in these, to guide and to control them.

Languet, although a scholar and a man of letters, had, for years, occupied one post after another that kept him close to the great centres of public disturbance. Sidney, with the temperament of a poet and philosopher, was yet a representative of the ruling class of England, and looked forward, as a matter of course, to a career as statesman and soldier. At this time he was still in his period of preparation, but his

mood was that of the young athlete who is with difficulty restrained from entering at once into competition with his elders. He was a gentleman with all that that word then implied of fine breeding, of courtly accomplishment and conduct. It is precisely because of this union of action, thought, and manners in Sidney, that so eminently modern a personality disengages itself from his letters. These are the first modern letters written by an Englishman. A century, or even fifty years, before, they would have been impossible, unless Sir Thomas More might have approximated them, so recent had been the realization of that composite type combining in complete and harmonious balance the several opposite and contrary characters of soldier, student, and courtier. In them is to be found the initial expression of a vital and many-sided attitude towards life, determined by the awakening of the mind to an interest in its environment as affording not only a theatre for action, but material for philosophic reflection and inquiry. Sidney was attracted, not to any one department of life alone, but to the whole of it. Nothing human seemed to him negligible or insignificant. Moreover, he saw the present in which he lived with such a sense of excitement, not as separated from the past by any arbitrary line of division, but as a prolongation of that past whose problems bore a distinct resemblance to those with

which his own age was confronted. It is this germination of an historic sense in Sidney that, above all, sets him apart from men of the preceding generation, and marks him as a modern man.

The letters testify to the fascination which history held for him. "I need not speak to you of reading history, by which more than anything else men's judgements are shaped," writes Languet, "because your own inclination carries you to it, and you have made great progress in it." If men's judgements are thus shaped by history, it is because this study enlarges their perspectives and gives them new and broader standards of comparison. For Sidney, first among Englishmen, was there a sensible widening of the horizon through historical research. His was not yet the mind matured and ripened by the results of his reading. His was rather the preluding mood of romance which the enthusiastic acquisition of new knowledge and of new viewpoints kindled in him. He was to die too soon to become that man fully fashioned for judgement whom Languet foresaw in the brilliant boy. But if there is a thrill in his letters such as that attending a new discovery, it is because Sidney was indeed a discoverer, at whose feet a whole new world lay outspread.

At Venice, Sidney was advantageously placed to observe the course of events. The city, situ-

ated midway between east and west, afforded a wide survey of the whole field. The moment was one of grave suspense in the Republic itself. If a mature man like Languet could conceive the possibility of the Turks becoming masters of the Mediterranean, it is not remarkable if Sidney, with the impressionability of youth in its first contact with the larger affairs of life, tended to magnify the immediate danger of all Italy falling prey to the Moslem. It is a curious reflection of his that, in this event, the Turks would be the principal sufferers, as the vices of the Italians would corrupt the conquerors, and so compass their downfall. Thus Italy, in Sidney's vision, would prove none other than that legendary princess, nourished on poisons until she herself became poisonous, whom the Indian queen sent as a Greek gift to Alexander. Though often boyish and crude, Sidney's comments on contemporary events are always interesting through what they reveal of the workings of his mind in this formative period. Naturally, the situation in the Low Countries claimed a great share of his attention. So far England had kept aloof from any active encouragement of the Flemish rebels, though, as Languet adroitly pointed out, if Spain succeeded in subjugating these, she would at once turn her victorious arms against Britain. Sidney must have chafed under these reflections upon the supineness of his country's statecraft,

and, even thus early, have begun to revolve in his mind those more vigorous policies he would advocate once he had a voice in her councils. Fulke Greville has related how Sidney conceived a plan far bolder than any simple intervention in the conflict across the Channel, which was all that Languet, with his narrower and less imaginative mind, could contemplate. His plan was to attack Spain at home, or abroad in her vast treasuries overseas. It was this conception, no doubt, that inspired Sidney's interest in the narratives of the navigators whom he met later in England. And it is this conception, also, that gives significance to that long letter, written after his return, in which he announces Frobisher's supposed discovery of a gold island in the North Atlantic, and eagerly asks Languet's advice about methods of mining. The latter seems not to have discerned the real motive that underlay Sidney's interest in this matter, and admonishes him somewhat sorrowfully, as if he too had yielded to the common lure. But it is easy to understand and to justify on higher grounds Sidney's appreciation of the importance of this discovery. For, had it proved authentic, it would have provided England with the means she needed for such an enterprise as Sidney kept in mind.

The significance of the letters is by no means limited to what they reveal of the attitude of the writers towards contemporary events. Of

equal interest is the relation of Sidney and Languet to the intellectual and social life of the age and to each other. Men of different nations, speech, and tradition, these friends were first drawn together through a consciousness of common interests transcending local differences. The way for such intercourse between Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians, first opened by the institution of chivalry and the church, had been further prepared by the gradual extension throughout Europe of common intellectual interests, by a common ideal of culture, and, above all, by a common medium of intercommunication. Latin, as the ancient bond uniting learned Europe, and transformed by the Renaissance from ecclesiastical to secular uses, was the tie permitting such friendship as that between Languet and Sidney, which the babel of modern tongues renders more difficult. Now such relations between foreigners are exceptional; then they were customary and characteristic. Society became cosmopolitan, and a traveller found himself welcomed wherever he went. When Sidney visited Italy, he carried with him many letters of introduction, and Languet encouraged him to keep up a correspondence with those whose acquaintance he had already formed in Vienna and elsewhere. It was at once honourable and useful to maintain epistolary relations with foreigners. Correspondents in the several capitals of Europe were important

sources of private information, indispensable to all who contemplated entering upon a public career. They could also extend hospitality to the traveller and furnish him with the means of still further enlarging his acquaintance. In this freemasonry of cultivated cosmopolitan society Sidney shared. He participated also in that intense intellectual activity which filled Europe with the ferment of new ideas, and which comes out in the avidity for books displayed both in his letters and in those of Languet. New works were read as they were issued, and circulated with surprising rapidity when one considers the distance between centres of learning in that day. Thus Humfrey Lhuid's treatise was published in London only the year before the letter in which Languet refers to it was written.

As Sidney was in some sense Languet's pupil, there is much discussion of a general literary and intellectual nature, which casts light upon the educational ideals of the age. It is interesting to note that the place of importance which Languet assigns to each study in outlining a scheme for Sidney's education is determined by the measure of its utility. For Languet's conception was primarily a practical one, conforming to the requirements of an age of action. Sidney was to study only what was "essential." "I call those things essential to you," he says, "which it is discreditable for a man of high birth not to know,

and which may, one day, be an ornament and a resource to you." Thus he discourages Sidney from proceeding too far with the study of geometry, partly because it is not likely to prove of much use to him, and partly because its difficulty will tend to deepen his inclination towards melancholy. To this deterrent counsel Sidney replies in one of those luminous phrases that reveal men as they are in the very attitude and gesture of their inward life: "I readily allow that I am often more serious than either my age or my pursuits demand; yet this I have learned by experience, that I am never less a prey to melancholy than when I am earnestly applying the feeble powers of my mind to some high and difficult subject."

In the same way, though he scrupulously abstains from advising Sidney in this instance, Languet rather discourages the study of Greek. "All the time you give to it will be lost to your Latin, which, though it is considered a less interesting language than Greek, is yet more important for you to know." One of the principal purposes of Sidney's foreign sojourn, as Languet reminds him, was to acquire facility in the expression of his ideas in the former language. Sidney asks for rules to guide him in the formation of an elegant Latin style, and Languet sends him to Cicero, though not without certain reservations which he may have imbibed from

Erasmus, and which Sidney afterwards repeats in a letter to his brother Robert. Sidney's letters to Languet, in spite of their spontaneity, ease, and wideness of range, are to be regarded partly as literary exercises, and Languet confesses later that much of his early importunity had been merely the well-dissembled craft of the schoolmaster: "I was playing with you then, that I might move you to write, believing that the habit of writing was an important part of your studies."

If there is a certain narrowness in the educational programme thus outlined, the explanation lies in the fact that, in Languet's jealous eyes, Sidney was designed to be a statesman, perhaps a "saviour of society," and he resented such intellectual preoccupation as might compromise this main end of his education. It was certainly not to Languet that Sidney owed any enrichment of his mind in the field of poetry or polite letters, ancient or modern, during his years on the Continent. And if, as is probable, Sidney, in the intervals of his more serious studies, formed that extensive acquaintance with Italian poetry and critical treatises which he displays in the "Defense of Poesie," he was sufficiently guarded to conceal the fact from his friend, whose want of sympathy with such divagations he doubtless divined from the start. How Languet felt towards the frivolities of the fashionable literary society

of the Euphuists at the Court of Elizabeth, of which he saw something on his one visit to England, may be seen in that letter, among the most curious in the collection, wherein he solemnly dissuaded Sidney from wasting the flower of his life "in pursuits which only enervate the mind."

There is little in the letters to help the reader to reconstruct the world of Sidney's social and literary associations in Venice. The art of letter-writing had not become sufficiently elastic in the sixteenth century to serve as a vehicle for the diurnal and familiar, although there are little traits of observation, minor personal and human touches, scattered here and there throughout the letters for whoever is on the alert to distinguish them. The rhetorical Ciceronianism of the preceding age had already given way to a more natural, nervous, and energetic style, through which the epistolary form gradually adapted itself to actual needs of intercommunication. At the same time, it did not lose a charming consciousness of its humanistic origin as a fine art, recovered, with all other forms of beauty and eloquence, from antiquity. This consciousness fostered in those who practised the art, even for the most commonplace purposes, a certain scrupulous care as to style and expression. It also imposed upon them, at the same time, a constraint to avoid, as far as possible, what was merely trivial and tem-

porary. Sidney mentions the names of some of his friends who were likewise friends of Languet's,—Du Ferrier, for example, and a Venetian, Zindelini, afterwards a friend and correspondent of Sir Henry Savile,—but he gives no details of the banquets and other "magnificent magnificences of all these magnificos" of which he confesses himself soon weary. Nor is there anything, as there would have been a century, or a century and a half, later, when the sentiment of the picturesque began to pervade society and to find its peculiar outlet in letters of foreign travel, about the city itself; though it is inferred, from a remark of Languet's, that Sidney, in a letter which has been lost, expressed sore disappointment at the reality, where the reputation had led him to expect so much. For the Italians, even for the Venetians, he had little liking, and, writing to Robert, he expresses Languet's opinion that "most of them carry more on the surface than they have within, and they very generally spoil their attainments by display, and make themselves offensive." Still, as he loved Italian literature, he must have found interest in his intercourse with poets and men of letters. Though there is nothing to confirm the legend that he met Tasso in Padua, he may well have seen him there together with many others scarcely less famous in their day. Among the artists he knew at least Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese, "who,"

he says, "hold by far the highest place in art." His one reference to them, however, is not such as to indicate any especial connoisseurship, since it merely occurs in connection with the choice of an artist to paint the portrait for which Languet had asked. He finally posed for Veronese, just as Languet, years before, had posed for Paolo's master, Titian. Neither of these portraits, so far as is known, survives.

Returning to Vienna, Sidney devoted himself once more to his studies, under the eye of Languet. When the Emperor set out for Prague, both friends accompanied the court and were present at the opening of the Diet. But Sidney's leave of absence had now expired, and he returned to England, where he arrived on May 31, 1575, after an absence of three years. The correspondence was at once resumed after the parting, and continued to the time of Languet's death. In it there are glimpses of many of the principal incidents of Sidney's life at this period—his visit to Ireland, his promotion to a place of importance at the court, his quarrel with Oxford, his letter to Elizabeth on the French marriage, and his subsequent retirement for a time because of the Queen's displeasure. Twice the exchange of letters was interrupted: once when, in September, 1578, Sidney was sent as special envoy to carry to the new Emperor, Rudolph, messages of condolence on his father's death; and again, two and a half

years later, when Languet visited England with Prince Casimir. On both of these occasions, Sidney saw much of his old friend. In Germany, Languet made him some mysterious proposal "at the mouth of the Main." The precise nature of this is unknown, but it seems probable from a comparison of passages in several letters, that it involved an offer to Sidney of the hand of a German princess. It certainly can have had nothing to do with the wild legend that the Polish crown was at one time offered to Sidney, since Stephen Bathori was then in undisputed possession of the throne in Poland. It is, perhaps, significant in this connection, to note the frequency with which Languet refers to Sidney's celibacy. The arguments advanced by the warm-hearted old bachelor against this estate are of a domestic rather than of a political nature, and hint at a sense of loneliness in his own life that goes far toward explaining the strength of his attachment to men like Sidney and Mornay, whom he loved to regard as his sons. Yet occasionally it would seem as if Languet were sounding Sidney's "intentions," and it may well be that he had in mind some political alliance to be cemented by matrimony.

After his return from England, Languet accepted a post by the side of the Prince of Orange, whom he assisted in many ways, and for whom he may even have written the "Apology." But

the burden of work began to bear heavily upon the old man. In 1581, charged by his master with a mission to the German princes, he was forced, through consciousness of failing strength, to decline the arduous honour. He was then sixty-three years of age. On September 20, he was taken with a chill as he entered the Prince's house at Antwerp. Ten days later he died, cared for tenderly to the end by Madame de Mornay, the wife of that other friend, the writer, Philip Duplessis, who shared with Sidney a common affection. Languet's last request to Mornay was "qu'au premier livre qu'il mettroit en lumière, il feit mention de leur amitié." This injunction was loyally carried out by the author of "La Vérité de la Religion Chrétienne," who rendered a noble tribute to Languet in the preface to the Latin edition of that treatise. For Sidney's acknowledgement of all that he owed to his old master, one must turn to "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia," where the melancholy young shepherd, Philisides, Sidney himself, tells the courtly company of the song he sang to his sheep, and praises the elder shepherd from whom he learned it:

The song I sang old Lanquet had me taught,
Lanquet, the shepherd best swift Ister knewe,
For clerkly rede, and hating what is naught,
For faithfull heart, cleane hands, and mouth as
true:
With his sweet skill my skillesse youth he drewe,

Intro-duction

To have a feeling tast of him that sitts
Beyond the heaven, far more beyond your witts.

He said, the Musique best thilke powers pleasd
Was jumpe concord between our wit and will:
Where highest notes to godliness are raisd,
And lowest sinke not downe to iote of ill:
With old true tales he woont mines eares to fill,
How shepheards did of yore, how now they thrive,
Spoiling their flock, or while twixt the they strive.

He liked me, but pitied lustfull youth:
His good strong staffe my slippry yeares upbore:
He still hop'd well, because he loved truth:
Till forste to parte, with harte and eyes even sore,
To worthy Coridon he gave me o'er.

W. A. B.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND HUBERT LANGUET

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* * *

Languet to Sidney

WHAT care and anxiety, nay, what fear had you spared me, if you had written to me only once or twice on your journey! I did not desire a laboured letter, only a word or two, as, "This day we arrived here in safety," or the like. You remember how earnestly I begged this of you when you were leaving me. But you will say, "It matters little to you whether you hear or not: when I arrive at Padua or Venice, then I will write to you." You might have done both, and if you had, I should have thought myself greatly obliged by you. However, I would rather suppose that you have met no one to whom you could trust a letter for me, than either that you disregard your promises, or that your affection for me has begun to fail. That it was strong when you left me, I knew by the tears which hardly suffered you to say farewell. I forgive you this crime, and every other which you shall henceforth commit against me, if you will only be careful not to let your thirst for learning and

Languet to Sidney

acquiring information lead you into danger. You remember how often and how solemnly you have promised me to be cautious. If you fail in this, I shall charge you with a breach of the contract that is between us, and you will be forced to confess that you have broken the terms of our friendship. To offend me is of little consequence, but reflect how grievously you would be sinning against your excellent Father, who has placed all his hopes in you, and who, being now in the flower of life, expects to see the full harvest of all those virtues which your character promises so largely to produce. Satan is beginning to gnash the teeth, because he sees that his throne is tottering. Things do not turn out to his mind either in France or Belgium, wherefore we cannot doubt but he will stir up his servants to acts of cruelty; hitherto this has been his only means of maintaining and upholding his kingdom, and so I am sure that if you trust yourself to their honour now, you will run a greater risk than you would have run a few years ago. Pardon the love which makes me so often remind you of this. But enough of such grave discourse.

I send you an epistle of Pietro Bizarro of Perugia, that you may have before your eyes his surpassing eloquence, and make it your model. You will now perceive how unwisely you English acted in not appreciating all this excellence, and not treating it with the respect it deserves.

Languet to Sidney

You judged yourselves unworthy of immortality, which he surely would have bestowed on you by his eloquence, if you had known how to use the fortunate opportunity of earning the good-will of such a man. How much better we Saxons have done. We have shown more judgement in an hour than you in fifteen long years. We saw at once how to gain his favour, and did not lose the chance. Show me any one of your countrymen of whom he thinks so highly, as of the person to whom this letter is addressed, and from whom I stole it, for your amusement and gratification. Take care to use it discreetly, and do not put your hand in the wasps' nest, and so give me trouble. I will give you leave to cull a few flowers from it, which will serve for the adornment of your letter if you should ever write to the author. He certainly deserves to be painted in his own colours. I sent your letter to the noble Baron Schuendi, and begged him to answer it. I hope he will do so. Farewell, and greet your people from me.

Vienna, November 19, 1573.

II

Sidney to Languet

NAY, but I do not say, "It matters little to you whether you hear or not," for I am well aware how that "love is full of anxious fear." But this I will say, and say with truth, that I met literally no one who was going towards Vienna. But inasmuch as you tacitly charge me with some slackening of the affection with which I have regarded and ever shall regard you and all your noble qualities, while I acknowledge your kindness, I beg of you seriously and earnestly, that whatever be the distance which separates us, you will be satisfied of this, that I am not so possessed either with the folly of a boy, or the inconstancy of a woman, or the ingratitude of a brute, as not to seek eagerly the friendship of such a man, and hold it fast when I have gained it, and be thankful for it as long as I have it. I would I were sufficiently at home in Latin, or you in English; you should see what a scene I would make of these suspicions of yours.

Since I came to Venice, I have received two letters from you, and I have written two before this; will you agree that we shall hold converse by letters once a week? I will give heed to that which you say about danger as I do to all your advice. You will, however, as I told you in my last letter, very soon have me with you. I read

through the charming epistle of Pietro Bizarro of Perugia, and culled certain flowers, which, as I could do nothing better, I imitated. I have written only once as yet to Master Vulcobius. I will write to him oftener when I have somewhat improved my style; in the mean time greet him and Master Bouchetell in my name. The French ambassador received me with great kindness. Perrot has returned into France, but his brother read the letter. Lasczky is gone into Poland. Of the Dane I have heard nothing as yet. Pray write me soon about yourself, and tell me when his Majesty of Poland intends to relieve France of his presence, that I may make preparations for my journey. Farewell, yours heartily.

Languet to Sidney

Philip Sidney.

Venice, December *5*, *1573*.

III

Languet to Sidney

I WAS meditating a very sharp remonstrance, when the letter came in, which you wrote on your arrival at Venice: that at once dispersed the cloud from my mind, and made me happy indeed, for I learned from it that you had reached your journey's end in safety, and had not forgotten me. I was delighted, too, with your pro-

Languet to Sidney

mise not to lose any opportunity of writing to me. See you fulfil it. I am glad you find that I only spoke truth of the courtesy of the Count of Hannau and his party. My object in writing to him was merely to give you an occasion of meeting those who can admire and love goodness wherever they find it, because I am sure that your character will at once make them your friends, and wherever you go, you will always find good men who will receive you with hearty kindness, if only you are true to yourself, and do not permit yourself to be transformed into another person.

In a former letter I told you that the seventeenth of January was named for the inauguration of the King of Poland, for which immense preparations are being made at Cracow. I am at present intent on making friends for you there, so that if you have not changed your mind, when you arrive there, you may find those who will pay you the attentions which your worth deserves. We suppose that the King of Poland has by this time reached the frontiers of the empire, but we cannot say it for certain. He has sent an envoy to invite the Emperor and the King of Hungary to the coronation. I hope you will deal plainly with me, and if you have made any new arrangements for your movements since you were here, you will let me know. I do not ask you to do anything for my pleasure, which does

not seem agreeable and useful to yourself. Nor do I wish you to consider yourself tied by any promise made to me, except that which binds you to take good care of your health and well-being, and not to follow your own inclinations, or the arguments of those who make light of the risk you will run if you go to the place we have so often talked about. On this point I will stand by my right, and if you fail of your promise, I will complain to our common friends, in whose good opinion you would be sorry to lose ground. In every other matter, I will waive my right, and be as indulgent as possible. I should not have stayed here through the winter, but that I hoped to see you, or at least converse with you at a moderate distance by letter.

I am much obliged to Master Coningsby for gaining me the good-will of your people, by proclaiming a great deal of kindness which he never received from me. I wish I could do anything for him worthy of his goodness. Pray give my service to him, and also to Master Brusket, to whom I am greatly obliged for conducting you to Venice in safety. About the money which was paid twice to your host, I advise you to proceed thus. Let Master Coningsby write to him, and explain the whole affair, how it took place, and let him have his letter translated into German. If the man has any shame, he will restore what he took from you unfairly. I do not under-

Sidney to Languet

stand the case, and your letter does not fully explain it, so I should lose my labour if I tried to deal with him, and therefore I will wait for your next. I beg you will not show anyone the foolish letters I send to you. I write without selection all that my mind in its changing moods suggests to me, and it is enough for me if I succeed in making you believe that you are very dear to me. I hope you will tell me what you think of the persons to whom I gave your letters. Farewell.

Vienna, December 4, 1573.

IV

Sidney to Languet

YOUR letter of the fourth of December arrived yesterday. It brings me another instance of your singular affection for me, which suffers all suspicions to be removed by one short note. And now about my own affairs. If the King's inauguration is to take place so soon, it is impossible I should be there; but if it should be put off for a month or two, then if it please God, I will surely come. I am sorry that various engagements so hamper me, that I must be absent from a place where there is so much to be seen and learnt. But however it may turn out

now, in the spring I shall make the tour of all that country with the noble Count of Hannau, who tells me that he too intends to leave Italy and go into Poland, Bohemia, and your own Saxony. And then, my very dear Languet, I shall see you, and one conversation with you would give me more delight than all the magnificent magnificences of all these magnificos.

Meantime I shall stay here for a fortnight, and pass the rest of my time at Padua. At present I am learning the sphere, and a little music. My pen I only practise when I write to you; but in truth I begin to find that by writing ill I only learn to write ill, and therefore I wish you would give me some rules for improving my style, and at the same time you may send me those other admonitions which you said you had put off till I should come to you; for I am sure that you will never exhaust your stock of counsel, and that my blunders will give ample scope for your lectures. I have sold all the horses; if I had not, they were not good enough to be worth their cost in keeping. For yours I received twenty crowns, which I owe you, with many other debts. As to the money which they took twice at Racchel's, I did not mention it to give you any trouble about it, but only to exculpate Coningsby, whom I formerly charged wrongfully with the act. We should only make ourselves ridiculous if we said anything to our host about

it, for the man who had impudence enough to take the money twice, will have more than enough to deny it. When you tell me the proper time, I will procure a present for Master Abondius, and I shall be glad to know how he has been going on. I wish you would send me Plutarch's works in French, if they are to be bought in Vienna; I would gladly give five times their value for them, and you will be able to send them no doubt by the hand of some trader. Tell me, too, in your next, if you have got L' Historia del mondo di Tarchagnota, Lettere de Principi, Lettere de tredici illustri homini, Imprese di Girolamo Ruscelli, Il stato di Vinegia scritto da Contarini e da Donato Gianotti. All of these are interesting books, and if there are any others you would like to have, I can easily have them sent to you. There is one thing more which I have often wished to ask of you, but shame has always prevented me; however, as Cicero says, "a letter doth not blush." I have a very strong desire to possess your history of the Polish election, which you once were good enough to show me. I pray and beseech you either to send it to me now, or at least when you write again, to pledge me your word that you will give it me when we meet in Germany, when you must add something else of yours by way of interest.

Many rumours are going about here. Amongst others, the principal thing reported is, that there

is to be a league between the Spaniard and the Turk, or once more between the Turk and the Venetians, or between the Turk, the Queen of England, the King of Poland, and your Elector of Saxony. Are you not amused to find that we Saxons begin to moslemize? All this I have been told by a sensible and trustworthy man. May God grant you long life for my sake. Farewell, wholly yours,

Languet to Sidney

Ph. Sidney.

Venice, December 19, 1573.

Coningsby and Brusket greet you as their best friend and patron. Witfeld I cannot find; Lasczky is, I hear, in Poland, Perrot in France. All the others are excellent men and my very good friends.

V

Languet to Sidney

I TOLD you in a former letter that the Emperor and the King of Hungary were invited to the inauguration of the Polish King, and that a young Pole had come hither for that purpose. I heard that he was a man of understanding, and I took pains to become known to him. I easily made his acquaintance, and even formed an intimacy with him, and I hope I may now call him my friend. I was particularly desirous

Languet to Sidney

to do so, because in beauty of mind, and gentleness of character, and, indeed, in noble bearing, he is not unlike yourself, and only a few years your elder. He has studied letters in Italy, and takes especial delight in history, above all in that which tells of events not remote from our own times. His dress and the number of his attendants declare him to be a man of high birth. Why do I say all this? I will explain. I have mentioned you to him. I told him of your character and your birth, and said that I still hoped you would go to Cracow for the King's inauguration, and begged him kindly to show you such attention as is due to your worth. He instantly conceived a strong regard for you, and said to me, "If you can persuade him to make me his host, I will do my best that neither you nor he shall have reason to repent." So you see you have a reception prepared for you, and an occasion of being known to many distinguished men, and, as I hope, of forming a friendship with some of them.

I judge from your letter that the splendour of Venice does not equal your expectation; nevertheless, Italy has nothing fit to be compared to it, so that if this does not please you, the rest will disgust you. You will admire the wit and sagacity of the people. They are in truth witty and keen, and yet most of them carry more on the surface than they have within, and they very

generally spoil their attainments by display, and make themselves offensive. The talents of our friends, the Germans, are indeed less versatile, yet in solid judgement I doubt if they are at all inferior to them. But I have been so many years away from Italy that I have no right to give an opinion on the subject. I will hear yours when you return.

Languet to Sidney

I will now tell you what I can of public affairs, that you may now and then have matter for a letter to your noble father, and conversation with your friends; but be sure you show no one my letters. They say the Muscovite has invaded Lithuania with sixty thousand men, and is now at Polotzk, which he took from Lithuania eleven years ago. He has sent troops also into Livonia, but not nearly so many in number. The new King will have wherewith to keep his courage in exercise; but it is shameful conduct of the Russians, for only a few months ago a truce for a year was made between them and the Poles. Your merchants have often proved how well they keep their engagements. The Emperor hopes to obtain from the Turks an extension of the truce; some say he has obtained it. The arrangements between the Turks and Venetians are not yet quite completed. Some write word that the Turks are trying to squeeze certain cities out of the Venetians. It is certain that they still disagree about their frontier, and that the Turks carry

Languet to Sidney

things with a high hand. The Spaniard seems to be playing a part unworthy of his dignity, and by no means consistent with the great hopes he seemed to entertain of taking Constantinople. He has now sent an envoy thither, to ask for peace or a truce from the Sultan, and buy it of the Pashas. But the success of John of Austria in Africa will render this more difficult, unless the Turks are to suffer in reputation. In this place we seem less than ever inclined to be obsequious to the Pope; the States of Austria have assembled. Such of them as profess the Reformed Religion are going to beg the Emperor to grant them a church in this city for the performance of their service, and they hope he will accede to their request. They say, too, that he has made up his mind to expel all the Italian monks, and then the monasteries will be left empty, since it is said that there is not a German monk in the place, for the Jesuits think themselves grossly insulted if they are called monks. The King of Poland has at last torn himself from his friends, and, I believe, passed the Rhine five or six days ago, for he left Nancy the twenty-fourth of last month. My unhappy country, France, is falling headlong, and you English look on idly at the ruin, and make your market of the folly of our people, and of the Belgians, or rather the Spaniards. Alva leaves Belgium without any great triumph. I believe nothing vexes him more than that he has

left any survivors of his cruelty. His successor is pretending the greatest moderation. He has just given a beautiful instance of his wisdom, for he has taken as a motto for his colours, "Debellare superbos." It is the mountain in labour. The threads of his net are too coarse, and he will not catch many birds. He promises impunity to all who shall give themselves up to be tortured. Orange's affairs are not altogether unpromising, for Holland and Zealand make so much of him, that they consider their well-being to depend on his safety, and therefore they do not allow him to encounter the risks of war, but will have him preside at their councils, and let others execute his commands.

Languet to Sidney

If I were to follow my inclination, I should never stop writing to you. Again, I beg you not to show anyone my letters. I throw into them at random anything that occurs to me, so that the subjects are generally unconnected, and no doubt the same thing often repeated, for I do not remember what I have written to you before. Farewell, and greet my friends, especially the noble Count of Hannau, if you have returned to him.

Vienna, the Winter Solstice, December 21, 1573.

VI

Sidney to Languet

MY very dear Languet: I write you these few words now, only that you may see how strictly I observe this trifling condition of our friendship. I have nothing to write to you but what I know you will be glad to hear, that I am in excellent health. I have received your letter dated the day of the winter solstice, in which, besides many other agreeable contents, you tell me of the young Pole, Dioderi. This certainly makes me more sorry that I cannot go, as I told you in my last letter. But if the King would fall sick for but one month, or any other fortunate event should fall out, heavens, how gladly would I fly to you! I have already taken a house at Padua, to which place I shall go in less than a week. The Count of Hannau has sent me a letter for you, and someone else (who, I cannot say) has done the same. I shall give them presently with mine to Camillo. Master Vulcobius and Bouchetell have written to me. I pray you to commend me to them, and make my excuse that I do not answer their letters. I have been busy the whole day, and am just now come very late, and I must give my letters to Camillo very early to-morrow. In fact, I hardly know what I have been writing to you, but you will take all for the best, and continue to love

me as you ever have done. Farewell, yours from my heart,

Languet to Sidney

Philip Sidney.

Venice, Christmas Day, 1574.

VII

Languet to Sidney

I AM truly pleased that you again promise to lose no opportunity of letting me hear from you, and that you make so much of your diligence in writing; you say you have received only two letters from me, and written three. If that is fair ground for boasting, I am now writing my seventh, and up to this time have received only three from you. You will be employing yourself well and usefully, if you practise writing diligently while you are absent from your home, for when you return, it will not be in your power: and unless you have acquired the art of writing with ease, you will have lost the principal object of your studies and labours, and you will be less able to keep up any friendships you may contract with foreigners; for, as you are formed by nature for kindliness, I suppose you would wish them to last.

Our friend, the King of Poland, has at last bidden a long farewell to his family, at Blamont in

Languet to Sidney

Lorraine. His mother, his brother Alençon, the Duke of Lorraine, and other nobles, attended him so far. From thence he went to Sarrebourg, Pfalzburg (saluting its rising walls), Saverne, Hagenau, Weissemberg, Landau, Spires. On the twelfth of this month he passed the Rhine at Spires, and went to Heidelberg to the Elector Palatine, who is out of health. He had sent his son, Christopher, attended by the Count of Hannau the elder, and Lewis of Nassau, as far as Blamont to meet the King. My most noble Prince I hear is to give him a splendid reception at Torgau, and for that purpose he has with him his son-in-law, Prince Casimir. I should have been an eyewitness of the ceremony if my regard for you had not kept me here, where I prefer to remain that I may hear from you often, and see you if you go into Poland, and be useful to you as best I may. The escort of the King of Poland is divided into three parties, the first commanded by Marshal Retz; the last by Nevers; in the centre the King has with himself the Prince of Condé. The seventeenth of next month was named for the inauguration, but they will be obliged to put it off till February, because the King cannot possibly reach Cracow before the end of January. The Emperor will send thither as ambassador the Duke of Teschen, of the family of Monsterberg, whom I believe to be grandson of George Pogebratz, King of Bohemia. The

King of Hungary will send Brauner, whom you know. It will be a noble cortège. I suppose they will have forty or fifty carriages, and a vast number of horsemen, for all the nobility of the land are anxious to be present at so splendid a spectacle. The King of Hungary and the Archduke Ernest are to go from thence the day after to-morrow to Prague to convene the States of Bohemia, in which I hear nothing will be said about the kingdom, only about a contribution of money. They are to come back to this place at the beginning of February, for about that time the States of Hungary will assemble at Presburg. Languet to Sidney

At the beginning of the month letters arrived here from Lower Germany, stating that your Queen was dead; but as long as the truth was doubtful, I would not mention it, for fear of distressing you. I hear since from Heidelberg that it is a false report, and that the Elector Palatine has lately received a letter from her. We hear now that the King of Scotland has been poisoned. I should be sorry if it were so, and I hope this, too, is a fiction. Master Vulcobius greets you kindly, and bids you be careful of your health. Since you wrote that you should not stay long at Venice, he seems to fear some evil. The French ambassador, in his letters to him, shows that he has the highest opinion of your abilities, and thanks him for the letter which gave him the

Languet to Sidney

opportunity of obtaining your friendship. It is a good thing "laudari a laudato viro," as Hector says to his father. Be sure you thank them both, and do something to make a friend of that Camillo Cruci who forwards our letters. Pray salute him from me, and offer him my services, though he does not know me. I love all who are attentive to you. Greet Master Brusket and Coningsby. I have been writing half asleep.

Vienna, December 24, 1573.

VIII

Languet to Sidney

YOU ask me to tell you how you ought to form your style of writing. I think you will do well to read both volumes of Cicero's letters, not only for the beauty of the Latin, but also for the very important matter they contain. There is nowhere a better statement of the causes which overthrew the Roman Republic. Many persons think it very useful to take one of his letters and translate it into another language; and then to shut the book and turn it back into Latin; and then again to refer to the book and compare their expressions with Cicero's. But beware of falling into the heresy of those who think that the height of excellence consists in the imitation

of Cicero, and pass their lives in labouring at it. Languet to Sidney

I not only approve of your putting off the journey to Poland, but I wrote before to advise you to do so. I wish that your hopes of the Count of Hannau may be fulfilled. His company would soften all the difficulties of the road, and you would be amused and instructed by each other's talk. If the works of Plutarch were to be bought here, I would spare no money to gratify your desire. I have not ventured to ask Master Vulcobius for the copy which he possesses, because I see that he is his favourite author; but if you desire it, I will get rid of my modesty and ask. When you begin to read Cicero's letters, perhaps you will not want Plutarch. You are right to pay attention to astronomy; without some knowledge of it, it is impossible to understand cosmography; and he who reads history without a knowledge of this, is very like a man who makes a journey in the dark. The counsel I wished to give you is not of a kind which can be safely trusted to writing, and it is not your faults (as you allege) which give me matter for advice, but your good qualities, which will soon, I hope, be so conspicuous that men will take notice of what you do and say, and therefore you will have to be careful in whose presence you talk about your affairs at home; you are mistaken if you think that goodness will silence envy; nothing excites it so much.

Languet to Sidney

But more of this when we meet. I sometimes gratify myself at our kind Abondius' with the sight of your portrait, and then forthwith I suffer for it, because it only renews the pain I felt at losing you. I do not think I possess a copy of my letter on the Polish election, which I showed to you; but if such trifles give you pleasure, I will take care to let you have the speech which I delivered before the King of France three years ago in the name of certain German princes, in which there are some matters so plainly spoken, that in the massacre of Paris I greatly feared they would cause my death.

I wonder who told you what you say about the Turkish treaties. I do not think a man can understand the present state of things, who makes allies of Turks and Spaniards; or Turks, English, Poles, and Saxons. The people from Constantinople say that the Emperor has a good prospect of an extension of the truce, but on somewhat harder terms than before. They say, too, that the Venetians have at length some hopes of concluding peace with the Turks. The Spaniards are doing their best to buy peace at any price, and, to say the truth, I hope they will not succeed; for it would be small gain to you English, or to the French, or to the Protestants of Lower Germany. The Archduke Ernest is gone to Prague to hold the States of Bohemia. King Rudolph is detained here by a fever and a cold which he

caught after dinner on Christmas Day. He had fasted the day before, after the Spanish rule, and had assisted at the nocturns. I hear that his health is improving. Master Vulcobius greets you kindly, and begs you to pardon him for not answering your letter, for he had to write to France and Poland. If you love me, do not break off your habit of writing. I cannot tell you what pleasure your letters give me. I wish you and yours a happy new year. Sidney to Languet

Vienna, January 1, 1574.

IX

Sidney to Languet

BEHOLD at last my letter from Padua! not that you are to expect any greater eloquence than is usually to be found in my epistles, but that you may know I have arrived here as I purposed, and in safety; and I think it right without any delay to send you a few words from hence, for your satisfaction and my own, as far as communication by letter can be satisfactory. Here I am, then, and I have already visited his Excellency the Count and the Baron Slavata, your worthy young friends, and while I enjoy their acquaintance with the greatest pleasure to myself, I am perpetually reminded of your

Sidney to Languet

surpassing love of me, which you show in taking so much care, not only for me, but for all my concerns and conveniences, and that without any deserving on my part. But you are not a man to be thanked for such a thing; for you are even now meditating greater kindness still, and, in truth, as far as I am concerned, much as I am indebted to you, I am only too willing to owe you more. But enough of this.

Your last letter, written on the first of January, reached me on the thirteenth. It brought me no news, for it was filled with instances of your affection, ever pleasant indeed, but long since known and proved, a kind of letter which is above all others delightful and acceptable to me, for while I read, I fancy that I have the very Hubert himself before my eyes and in my hands. I intend to follow your advice about composition, thus: I shall first take one of Cicero's letters and turn it into French; then from French into English, and so once more by a sort of perpetual motion (but not of Abondius' sort), it shall come round into the Latin again. Perhaps, too, I shall improve myself in Italian by the same exercise. For I have some letters translated into the vulgar tongue by the very learned Paolo Manuzio, and into French by some one else. The volumes of Cicero I will read diligently. There are some things also which I wish to learn of the

Greeks, which hitherto I have but skimmed on the surface. But the chief object of my life, next to the everlasting blessedness of heaven, will always be the enjoyment of true friendship, and there you shall have the chiefest place. You quite made me laugh at your summum bonum; for it brought to my mind the definition of my countryman. As to what you say of the copies of Plutarch, I should be sorry that for so small a matter you should throw off the modesty which nature has implanted in you, nor am I so presumptuous as to disregard the pleasure of my friends, while I seek my own convenience. About Abondius, I am anxiously thinking what I shall send to him in return for the great kindness he has shown to me, but I will see to it shortly. In the mean time I beg you will give him my service.

Sidney to Languet

I shall take absolutely no excuse for your not giving me your letter on the affairs of Poland, and now I must have in addition that other discourse of yours which you mentioned in your last letter. They must needs be most interesting to me, being the works of an eminent writer and of Hubert Languet. In truth, I think you ought to set about some work, which may go down to future ages as a worthy memorial of the greatness of your genius. But more of this when we meet. We have no news here. I await some from

Languet to Sidney

you. Look to your health, for the sake of your friends and all Christendom, as well as your own. Farewell, yours with all my heart,

Philip Sidney.

Padua, January 15, 1574.

To the most excellent and illustrious Hubert Languet, always my much esteemed friend, at Vienna.

X

Languet to Sidney

I AM glad you have decided on going to Padua, where you will easily find better lodging than at Venice, and, I hope, have better acquaintances to amuse yourself with, and to converse with about your studies. You were quite right to learn the elements of astronomy, but I do not advise you to proceed far in the science, because it is very difficult, and not likely to be of much use to you. I know not whether it is wise to apply your mind to geometry, though it is a noble study and well worthy of a fine understanding; but you must consider your condition in life, how soon you will have to tear yourself from your literary leisure, and therefore the short time which you still have should be devoted entirely to such things as are most essential. I call those things essential to you which it is discreditable

for a man of high birth not to know, and which may, one day, be an ornament and a resource to you. Geometry may, indeed, be of great use to a man of rank, in the fortification or investment of towns, in castrametation and all branches of architecture, but to understand it sufficiently to make it useful would certainly require much time, and I consider it absurd to learn the rudiments of many sciences simply for display and not for use. Besides, you are not over cheerful by nature, and it is a study which will make you still more grave, and as it requires the strongest application of the mind, it is likely to wear out the powers of the intellect, and very much to impair the health; and the greater the ability, the more intense is the interest excited, and therefore the more injurious; and you know you have no health to spare.

Languet to Sidney

About the Greek language I cannot advise you. It is a beautiful study, but I fear you will have no time to carry it through, and all the time you give to it will be lost to your Latin, which, though it is considered a less interesting language than the Greek, is yet much more important for you to know. And therefore, as I said before, I do not venture to advise you on the subject. I only recommend you to learn first what is most necessary and most suitable to your condition. You are now acquainted with four languages. If in your hours of amusement you can

Languet to Sidney

learn enough German to understand it anyhow, I think you will be employing yourself well. Next to the knowledge of the way of salvation, which is the most essential thing of all, and which we learn from the sacred scriptures, next to this, I believe nothing will be of greater use to you than to study that branch of moral philosophy which treats of justice and injustice. I need not speak to you of reading history, by which more than anything else men's judgements are shaped, because your own inclination carries you to it, and you have made great progress in it. But perhaps you are occupied with other matters, and my tedious letters only weary you. I must, however, remind you to take good care of your health, and not to injure it with too much study. Nothing excessive lasts long, and a sound mind is not enough unless it dwells in a sound body. Since you are somewhat serious by nature, you should choose companions who can enliven you with becoming entertainment. The noble Count of Hannau and all his suite are greatly attached to you. I advise you to make yourself most intimate with them. There will always be good men who will esteem it a favour if you will seek their friendship, and, as long as you remain what you are, you will find men all over the world to love you and show you kindness.

It is supposed that the Emperor will go to

Prague within two months, and therefore I begin to fear that I shall be unfortunate enough to lose the sight of you when you come back into Germany, which would be a most bitter disappointment to me. And even if things so fall in with my desire, that I may see you once more, I shall not enjoy the pleasure long. I foresee what pain I shall suffer in parting from you, and I would gladly find some remedy for it; but nothing occurs to me, unless a portrait of you might perhaps be a relief to me. And though your likeness is so engraven on my heart as to be always before my sight, yet I beg you kindly to indulge me so far as to send it to me, or bring it when you come back. One reason why I wish to have it, is that I may show it to those friends to whom I say what I think of your worth, and what hopes I entertain of your character; for they feel that no man can possess such a gifted mind, without showing marks of it in his person, and especially in his face; and therefore they desire greatly to see you. But I hope you will consider yourself at liberty to say no, without offending me; for I should be sorry to make a request that could be disagreeable to you. The sight of your portrait at our friend Abondius' wrought upon me so, that when I came home I wrote these verses, which I send to you, though from my earliest youth I have never tried my hand on anything of the kind. I venture to expose my-

Languet to Sidney

Sidney to Languet

self to your mirth, and to say that I do not consider them altogether from the purpose, and to request therefore that they may be written under the portrait which you will cause to be painted, if there shall be room for them.

I return my warmest thanks to Master Brusket for his very kind letter, which I would have answered, if I had had time; but in truth I have been much engaged, and even while I write this, I have in my chamber my good friend, Dr. Andreas Paulus, a counsellor of my most noble prince, a man of eminent abilities and truly attached to me; who loves you though he never saw you, and sends you his dutiful service. Farewell.

Vienna, January 22, 1574.

XI

Sidney to Languet

YOUR last letter was on many accounts most delightful to me, full as it was of your affectionate regard for me. I am glad you approve of my intention of giving up the study of astronomy, but about geometry I hardly know what to determine. I long so greatly to be acquainted with it, and the more so because I have

always felt sure that it is of the greatest service in the art of war; nevertheless, I shall pay but sparing attention to it, and only peep through the bars, so to speak, into the rudiments of the science. Of Greek literature I wish to learn only so much as shall suffice for the perfect understanding of Aristotle. For though translations are made almost daily, still I suspect they do not declare the meaning of the author plainly or aptly enough; and besides, I am utterly ashamed to be following the stream, as Cicero says, and not go to the fountain head. Of the works of Aristotle, I consider the politics to be the most worth reading; and I mention this in reference to your advice that I should apply myself to moral philosophy. Of the German language, my dear Hubert, I absolutely despair. It has a sort of harshness, you know very well what I mean, so that at my age I have no hope that I shall ever master it, even so as to understand it; nevertheless, to please you, I will sometimes, especially at dinner, practise it with my good Delius. I readily allow that I am often more serious than either my age or my pursuits demand; yet this I have learned by experience, that I am never less a prey to melancholy than when I am earnestly applying the feeble powers of my mind to some high and difficult object. But enough of this.

Sidney to Languet

I am both glad and sorry that you ask me so

Sidney to Languet

urgently for my portrait: glad, because a request of this kind breathes the spirit of that sweet and long-tried affection with which you regard me; and sorry, that you have any hesitation in asking me so mere a trifle. For even if there were not between us that true and genuine friendship which throws into shade all other feelings, as the sun obscures the lesser lights, still I have received that from you which gives you a right to demand from me as a debt, greater things than this. As soon as ever I return to Venice, I will have it done either by Paul Veronese, or by Tintoretto, who hold by far the highest place in the art. As to your lines, although it is truly a thing to boast of, "to be praised by one so full of praise," and though they are most welcome to me as testifying your undying affection for me, yet I cannot think of sinning so grievously against modesty, as to have such a proclamation of my praises, especially as I do not deserve them, inscribed on my portrait. Therefore in this thing I pray you to pardon me. In all else command me, and I will satisfy you as far as I can; the will at any rate shall not be wanting. Forgive me this letter, full as it is of blots and scores, for I write in haste. Farewell, your most loving and dutiful

Philip Sidney.

Padua, February 4, 1574.

Meantime I give you with pleasure the likeness

which Abondius drew, and I will either send or bring him a token. Once more farewell. Languet to Sidney

To the most noble and excellent Master Hubert Languet, my much honoured master and friend, at Vienna.

XII

Languet to Sidney

I SHOULD be glad, as I wrote to you before, if you could acquire such a knowledge of German as to understand the language when you hear or read it: learn it perfectly you cannot, without much time and labour. You English have more intercourse with the Germans than with any other people, and their authority and power as a nation is already the greatest in Christendom, and no doubt will yet be increased by the folly of my own country and other neighbouring states. It seems to me quite absurd that your countrymen should make such a point of speaking Italian well, since, as far as I know, you derive no advantage from them; on the other hand, they derive the greatest from you, and therefore they ought to learn your language. Perhaps you are afraid you will not persuade them to take your money, unless you speak with perfect fluency. See, my dearest Sidney, how I trifle with you; and now that I am in the vein, I am

Languet to Sidney

going to give you something still more trifling. As my ill luck would have it, I chanced the other day upon two most charming writers, one of whom describes France, the other, England. The former is Robert Cœnalis, Bishop of Avranches, a very silly and ignorant person. The other would think himself greatly affronted if I called him English, since he repeatedly proclaims himself a Cambrian, not an Englishman. His name is Humfrey Lhuid, and if he is not learned, he is a man of extensive reading, but now and then forms his judgements in such a way that he seems totally destitute of common sense. He scourges the unfortunate Hector Boetius and Polydore Virgil so cruelly that even if they have grievously erred, the punishment seems greater than the fault. It is well for you that your ancestors drew their blood from France: for he says the Saxons, from whom the English are descended, were nothing but pirates and robbers. You know that the German writers have plundered us poor Gauls of the empire which they declare we never possessed. They say that the expedition of Godfrey of Bouillon to Jerusalem was theirs: and that the Greek and Latin writers, early and late, are talking nonsense when they say that the Gauls made so many irruptions into Italy, burned Rome, penetrated into Greece and even into Asia, since these all were undoubtedly Germans. But the good Welshman is so far from being touched

with these our misfortunes, that he adds insult to them; some of the Germans had left us the incendiary Brennus, in consideration of his sacrilege and horrible death; but he takes him away from us and makes him a Welshman. And now hear the man's wretched fate, or rather the vengeance of the Gods; for I conclude that Vulcan, grateful for his wife's detection, desired to make some return to Apollo, who was still angry with Brennus and all his admirers for the sacrilege perpetrated at Delphi. I had gone on half asleep reading my good Welshman till very late at night; and somehow or other it fell out that the flame of my lamp caught the book, and before I could put the fire out, it was well-nigh burnt up, for it was not bound. I was distressed at first, but when I recovered myself I began to laugh, and reflected that it was a good thing for me, as it deprived me of the occasion of wasting my time on such follies. I was on the point of sending you the scorched remains of my poor Cambrian, that you might desire your Griffin, his countryman, to perform his obsequies, while you offered a laugh to appease the ghost. But I beseech you tell Griffin to write him an epitaph in Welsh and send it to me.

Languet to Sidney

The Archduke Ernest is on his way back, having failed, they tell me, in the purpose for which he had been sent into Bohemia. The Bohemians will make no bargain with the son; they must

Sidney to Languet

have the man who can not only take what they offer, but give them something in return. It will, therefore, be necessary for the Emperor to go to Prague, which I suppose he will do about the latter end of March. I wish you could be with us by that time; we would travel together to Prague, perhaps farther, and go over whatever is worth seeing in Moravia and Bohemia, and cheat the time on the road in conversation that might not be unpleasing to you, and to me would be delightful. This I write to you, and to you only. They say the King of Poland has arrived at Posen. The fifth of next month is named for the funeral of King Sigismund Augustus, and the tenth for the inauguration of the new king. My letters are trifles, which I fear will soon weary you. Farewell, and greet my friends.

Vienna, January 28, 1574.

XIII

Sidney to Languet

VERILY our poor Cambro-Briton, who has drawn on himself the wrath of Apollo and Vulcan for the fault of Brennus, has met with handsome treatment at your hands; and yet I think I observe a slight failing of your usual benevolence. For, as if you thought his crime not

fully atoned for in the fire, you proceed to rob him of that which he is proud to claim as his own by right of inheritance. As to his assertion that the Saxons were pirates and thieves, see you to that: I am strong in the consciousness of my French blood, and grant it with all my heart. My regard for you, however, urges me to bid you reflect, and it is a serious matter, that our unknown saint, whoever he may be, who is of the same country and quality, may be ill pleased that you should raise such a laugh at his cousin after the flesh: and so perchance in his anger may wield against you his hieroglyphical monad, like Jove's lightning. Such is the wrath of heavenly Spirits.

Sidney to Languet

Griffin had a good deal to say in memory of Master Lhuid, and made him a sort of funeral oration, while I appeased his ghost with a hearty laugh. Among other things, in order to efface the brand of folly which you had stamped on the worthy Lhuid, he says that as far as regards Brennus he is quite right, and proves it from the name, for in their language, the ancient Briton, Brennus means king, and was as much in vogue with them as Pharaoh or Ptolemy with the Egyptians, Arsaces among the kings of Parthia, and Hubert among hunters. And from this argument, not so strong as it might be, he concludes that this most notable robber was a countryman of his own. And let me entreat you grant him so

Sidney to Languet

much. But enough of jesting: seriously, let me say that I am very desirous to see you again, and if the Almighty shall grant my request, I shall soon be with you, perhaps before your intended journey to Prague. In the mean time, if you please, I beg you will write to me of all your own affairs, and send me any news that you may hear. For in your letters I fancy I see a picture of the age in which we live: an age that resembles a bow too long bent; it must be unstrung, or it will break. And therefore do me this favour, my dearest Hubert, and as far as you can safely trust your sentiments in writing let me have them. For your letters are most delightful to me for many reasons: and the one reason which includes all the rest, is that they are yours.

We have received no news from England, except that your friend, Walsingham, is made joint secretary with Smith, and has been admitted a member of the Privy Council, as we call it; a pretty strong testimony of the high estimation in which our Queen holds him.

With this letter of mine, you will also hear from the Count of Hannau, and all his people. I trust you will answer them, for they are marvellously attached to you. Pray give my humble service and much greeting to Master Vulcobius. I would write to him more frequently, but that I feel I have no worthy matter for writing; and I leave

to the men of Perugia to trouble men of business with their nonsense; do not forget the same civility to my excellent friend Bouchetell. Nothing more occurs to me to say at present, and so I will make an end, only exhorting you to continue to love me. Farewell, your most loving

Philip Sidney.

Padua, February 11, 1574.

Brusket commends him to you with all duty.

To the most excellent Master Hubert Languet, my ever honoured master and friend, at Vienna.

Languet to Sidney

XIV

Languet to Sidney

I WROTE to you lately what I thought of your studies. I entreat you, make an effort to improve your pronunciation. Nothing is impossible to your abilities. You will find some little trouble at first, but, believe me, you will not need much time to accomplish it, and you will gain the more credit because so few of your countrymen take any pains about it. Find out some man of letters, whose pronunciation pleases you, and converse with him alone daily for half an hour on various subjects. Take at first the pronunciation of the letter A to correct, and desire your friend to check you whenever you

Languet to Sidney

say it wrong, and every time you are checked, pay him some little fine in money, or what you please. I am sure that in five or six days you will find you have spent your time well, and will go on to the rest with more alacrity. I would not recommend it to a dull man, but you can do what you wish, and so you need not answer me with your favourite line about "nature recurring;" for if you will not do as I ask, I shall lay the blame on the want of will and energy, not on poor innocent nature. Scarcely two months have passed since you began to write to me, and yet in that short time you seem to me to have improved more than many men would in a year. I have watched you closely when you were speaking my own language, but I hardly ever detected you pronouncing a single syllable wrongly. I entreat you, my dear Sidney, for my sake, try this one thing, and then the most ill-natured censors will have no fault to find with you. Pardon the love which makes me trouble you with these admonitions.

I send you the speech which I mentioned to you, rather to comply with your request, than because I think it worth your reading. It has certainly been published without my knowledge, and much against my will. Our King of Posts has at last reached Poland safe and sound; his inauguration is again put off to the seventeenth of this month; while I write, I hear it is once

more put off to the twenty-first. The reports of the invasion of Lithuania by the Russians are untrue. Their King sends a splendid embassy to Poland, consisting, they say, of a thousand horsemen; the ambassadors are at Smolensko on the Borysthenes, where they are waiting for literæ commeatus, "safe conducts" as they are called, which I hear have been sent to them. It is supposed they will make proposals for a truce or a peace. The Emperor's health is growing troublesome; he is afflicted with calculus and has lost his appetite. Of my poor France I can only say what Petrarch says: "Pace non trovo e non ho da far guerra." They who say that several towns of Holland have given themselves up to the new governor of Belgium are greatly mistaken; I do not believe a single goose has been surrendered. He is diligently fitting out a fleet for the relief of the Middleburghers, who are suffering from the want of supplies; he will not do it without a battle, for the Gueux are at the mouth of the Scheldt and seem most desirous of fighting. The Prince of Orange is at Flushing, that he may be at hand to manage matters. Farewell; love me, greet my friends, and remember what I wrote about your portrait.

Vienna, February 5, 1574.

XV

Languet to Sidney

I WONDER you say nothing in your last letter about your return, as you always did before. I dare not say that you are so fascinated by the alluring splendours of Italy, as to have forgotten us and ours, for you would be angry with me, as you were formerly. But yet, if there is any reason why you think you ought to change your plans, I should wish you to let me know in good time, that I may not nurse the vain hope, and feel it the more when I find myself deceived. They write word constantly, as I told you before, that the King of Poland is to be inaugurated on the twenty-first of this month, but some are beginning to doubt about it, and suspect the ceremony will be put off until April. If it should turn out so, I would advise you not to lose such an opportunity, unless you have resolved not to come back at all to this part of the world. We have hopes, too, that about that time King Rudolph will be elected to succeed his father as King of Bohemia. But when we have certain information on these points, I will write to you at once. In the mean time, you might make your tour through such parts of Italy as you have determined to visit, so that there may be nothing to delay you when you shall be called upon to hasten away.

Vienna, February 13, 1574.

XVI

Sidney to Languet

IN tempore venisti," as I believe Davus says in Terence. I was quite prepared to display all my authority in remonstrating with you, because this Friday, contrary to custom, had almost passed without a letter from you; when lo! it comes. It soon made me give up my fierce resolution, and indeed, from a vehement prosecutor turned me into a trembling defendant. You bring many charges against me, but the worst of all is, that in my last letter I said nothing about my return, as if it was necessary to repeat it now, when I have so often assured you of it before. If, indeed, I should change my plans, it would be a want of courtesy in me not to acquaint you with the change; but while I continue in the same mind, why should I go on dinning into your ears the same story, trifling as it is? But I know this comes of your regard for me; that you are never weary of hearing anything that concerns me in the smallest degree. And therefore, unless you will have me to be ungrateful, in other words a monster, you must not believe it possible that I should either forget your affection, or suffer your friendship to be supplanted by any new connections.

The rumour of peace made between the Turk and the son of Mahomet has sunk into a whisper,

yet there is some mischief in it without doubt; for the Venetians are being very roughly dealt with. One thing is clear, that they will be glad of a peace on the hardest terms. You have of course heard of the naval battle and the complete victory of the Gueux. In France, they say that the Huguenots are moving without a check all over Languedoc, Dauphiné, and Provence; and that Montmorency has been trying to remove the King by poison. "Such are the fruits of royal friendships." Pray write me word if these reports are true, my dear Hubert. I shall hunt out all that you have written, private or published, about the Polish inauguration.

This day one Paul of Verona has begun my portrait, for which I must stay here two or three days longer. Love me, and farewell. Venice, February 26, 1574.

I have written this letter half asleep.

Yours from my heart,

Philip Sidney.

To the most excellent Hubert Languet, my ever honoured master and friend, at Vienna.

XVII

Languet to Sidney

YOU advise me in your last letter, not to be so careful for the safety of others, while I disregard my own; for that you know many Papists entertain no little hatred against me. My very dear Sidney, I am anxious for your safety, because I consider your birth, your disposition, your thirst for goodness, the progress you have already made – and I know what your country has a right to hope of you, if it shall please God to grant you life. With me it is a very different matter, since the lowliness of my station and abilities, as well as increasing age, does not suffer me to be useful either in public or in private, although the will is not wanting. And therefore I fear no danger, since I see that my life is of no good to anyone, and that death will but deliver me from the wretchedness in which I live; for what can be more distressing to a man, who has feelings of humanity, than to be a witness to such crimes as for ten or twelve years have been, and still are, perpetrated in my unhappy France and in Belgium? The hatred of the Papists which you speak of, does not disturb me; my life and my death are in the hands of God, and they can do to me no more than God shall permit. But one advantage I obtain from their hatred of me, namely, that I shall feel less pain

Languet to Sidney

than I otherwise should have felt when I see their overthrow.

The Roman pontiff transforms himself into every shape to prop his falling throne; but God turns his wicked counsels to his ruin. From him, and him alone, came the plan for executing the nobles in Belgium, for that monstrous massacre of so many innocent men in France, and for the Polish election. But mark what profit these plots have brought to the plotters, and to the princes who follow them. When Alva came to Belgium, he found everything in peace, the religion of the Pope restored all over the land, and the country abounding in wealth, from which his king was drawing vast revenues. But acting on the persuasion that the religion of Rome could never be established there, unless all those were removed who seemed inclined to fall away, he brought things to this pass, that Pope and Spaniard are in no small danger of losing the country altogether. Two years ago, France, as you saw yourself, was in perfect peace, and was beginning to draw breath after all that bloodshed, and to recover itself to a certain extent. Our friends were allowed to preach in some places, but the whole administration was in the hands of the Papists. Yet the Pope, not contented with this, was the deviser of that notable plan for making away with the poor remains of our friends, such as survived all those wars and cruel defeats.

The Admiral was killed, and many good men perished with him; and then the Pope thought that he had fairly established his supremacy in France. What was the result? Instantly war burst forth in various quarters of France, and even reached the dominions of the Pope himself. I fear the consequences will be still more awful; nor can I have much hope from the peace which is now proposed. Languet to Sidney

Again, the Pope contrived that Anjou should be preferred to the Austrian in the Polish election, because he thought he would be more rigid than the other in maintaining the religion of Rome; for he was afraid the Emperor would recommend to his son milder measures. Anjou obtained the crown; that is, from a state of great happiness he was plunged into no small troubles. But the Pope has lost a support of his power in France, such as he will hardly find again. So you see that the wicked devices of the court of Rome find a very different result from that which they hoped. Yet he does not cease stirring up troubles in all directions. What will be the end? I will tell you what I think, though I hope I may be a false prophet. These civil wars which are wearing out the strength of the princes of Christendom are opening a way for the Turk to get possession of Italy; and if Italy alone were in danger, it would be less a subject for sorrow, since it is the forge in which the causes of all these ills are

Languet to Sidney

wrought. But there is reason to fear that the flames will not keep themselves within its frontier, but will seize and devour the neighbouring states. Farewell.

Vienna, March 26, 1574.

I have requested you more than once not to show my letters; once more I make the request.

XVIII

Languet to Sidney

OF my unfortunate France I shall say nothing, because I suppose you hear more from thence than we. In Belgium the war rages more and more. Orange is said to have found a rich booty in Middleburgh. Mondragon, the governor of the place, was sent to the Spaniards, to treat with them for an exchange of prisoners, and promised, if he failed, to return to Orange within two months, and bound himself by oath and by hostages. But when he reached Antwerp, the commander desired a Spanish Jesuit, Father Strigosa, to absolve him from his oath, saying that no promise is to be kept with heretics. I think the Gueux had better henceforth bind their prisoners with a rope instead of an oath. The Prince, when he had

settled matters in Zealand, returned to Holland with forty ships. Fifty more sailed to the westward, and about the straits of Calais fell in with twenty-seven sail, Spanish, Portuguese, and French, of which they took twenty-two; the rest escaped.

We do not yet know whether Christopher, the Palatine, and Count Lewis of Nassau have crossed the Meuse with their army. They were encamped for some time between Aix-la-Chapelle and Maestricht, holding that part of Maestricht which is on the right bank of the Meuse. The Spaniards here say that Sancho Davila has cut off near seven hundred of their men. A fleet of sixty sail is being fitted out in the Bay of Biscay, which they say John of Austria is to take to Belgium. If he does so, perhaps he will find someone to salute him on his passage; but I hardly think the King of Spain will take them away from Italy, which is in no small danger from the Turkish fleet.

Bizarro has written to Master Vulcobius that something has happened in England which has made the Queen increase the number of her body guards, but he does not explain; if you know anything of the matter, pray tell me. Farewell, and greet my friends.

Vienna, April 1, 1574.

XIX

Sidney to Languet

THIS last letter of yours has so distressed me, that I can hardly summon courage to reply to it. Alas! my dear Languet! is it possible that you are unhappy, when you are admired and loved by every man who has a spark of goodness in him? If it were anything in your private concerns which thus disturbs you, I should beg and beseech you by the love I bear to you, and by our sworn friendship, which I shall cherish as long as I live, to let your advancing age repose on my affection (true, it has not much power, yet inclination of itself may effect something), and be assured that there is nothing I call my own, to which you have not by the same title a prior claim. But as I have long known your strength of mind, and as I perceive from this very letter that your grief arises from the state of the good cause and your own dear country, I have nothing more to write. What if I should offer you consolation, by citing from remote history examples of other kingdoms, which have not only recovered from a far more desperate condition, but have afterwards mastered the world? My youth and my deficiencies forbid this. Then must I hold my peace, and pass over that part of your letter in silence? Surely that would be to neglect my friend, and break

every law of friendship. And so, since I am ashamed to speak and ashamed to hold my peace, I think it better to say a few words, so as to do the duty, as far as may be, of a modest man, and, at the same time, a loving friend. Sidney to Languet

In the first place, then, my very dear Hubert, let me advise you to consult yourself more frequently, and listen to your own judgement on these matters. For your own understanding is so vigorous, that no man living can give you more wholesome counsel than you can give yourself. In the next place, and especially, I entreat you to look at the wounds from which the Church of God is now suffering, singly and separately, that you may not by an accumulation of ills be tempted to despair. I mean, for example, that you should consider the troubles of France by themselves, and not crowd into the same picture, your own misfortunes and those of Flanders too. I think by this means, you will be more likely to discover any hope that may fairly be entertained, amidst so many dangers. For my part (but this is probably but a weakness that belongs to youth), I have begun to be in better spirits, since I heard that the King of Poland had rid France of his presence, and that the cause of the Huguenots is succeeding as we could wish in Aquitaine. But then I know that you look far into the future, and see not only these bare facts, but their consequences too; and therefore I hope you

Sidney to Languet

will receive what I have said, not as advice, but as the expression of my very great regard for you.

With respect to Belgium, truly I cannot see how it could have happened better: for though that beautiful country is all on fire, you must remember that the Spaniards cannot be driven from it without all this conflagration: and for my part, I think it is far better that Saguntum should burn, than that false Hannibal should possess so much without dispute. The last part of your lamentation is upon the danger which seems to threaten Italy from the Turk; and yet, if this should come to pass, what could be more desirable? First of all, that rotten member will be removed, which has now so long infected the whole Christian body; and the forge in which, as you observe, are wrought the moving springs of all these ills, will be swept away. Then will the princes of Christendom be forced to wake up from their deep sleep; and your countrymen, who are now cutting each other's throats, will be driven to join forces and stand fast against the common foe: just as fighting dogs when they see the wolf at work among their sheep. But there is more behind; I am convinced that this baneful Italy would so contaminate the very Turks, would so ensnare them with all its vile allurements, that they would soon fall down of themselves from their high place; and this, if I am not mistaken, we shall see in our days.

But that which makes me wonder most of all is, how it could occur to you that you can no longer be of any use to your country or your friends, and therefore that you have no motive for desiring to live. I will say no more, nor will I attempt to express what I think on this subject, further than this, which I declare and will maintain as long as I live, that I have derived more advantage from my acquaintance with you, than from all the time I have spent on my travels. This is enough for the present. But, my dear Hubert, do not think it is either arrogance, which I hope is not one of my faults, nor mere loquacity, which, however, Xenophon thought no fault in young Cyrus; but an inclination or rather impulse of my mind that has moved me to write thus much to you. I was desirous to do what I could to relieve you from that distress which I perceived was somewhat disturbing you; and yet I readily allow that all this simply comes under the proverb, "Sus Minervam." Sidney to Languet

But now for a lighter strain. In the same letter you are careful to clear yourself of a certain Italian crime of writing too much, which was very unnecessary; your time to defend yourself will be when you do not write at all. For I am well aware that you Burgundians are not such nice geniuses as to take over-much delight in writing; you may fairly concede that honour to the Perugians, from whom have issued, as you tell

me in the letter I received with this last, certain news of the number of guards in our palace being increased: which news, as it seems to me, smells of the lamp of Pietro Bizarro—with due respect I name him. For, as Tigranes said of Lucullus' army, they are enough and too many for the purpose to which they are destined: but if any new danger is apprehended, other means must be applied. This much is certain, that the Queen is making greater preparations both by sea and by land than ever before, and has lately commanded all foreign artizans, as they are called, and these are nearly all Belgians, to leave London. She has done it with this view, that they may thus be forced to return into Belgium and defend their own homes; which, doubtless, will be a great gain to Orange, for they are as many as twenty thousand in number. Besides this, there is no news, except about the Biscay fleet, and the splendid banquets of the Pope; for he is quite what men call a "good fellow."

With this letter I send you some from the Count of Hannau and his people, which he sent to me last week, but later than he ought. You must not answer them until you hear from me, for he is gone to make a tour of the midland parts of Italy. Here you see your unfairness, but I must hold my peace, for I have promised him. However, be pleased to remember the logical argument a majori. In a few days you will see

two noble Englishmen, to whom I shall give letters of introduction to you, and therefore it seems well to write a few words to precede their arrival, and prepare you to receive them with your wonted courtesy. The one, whom I especially commend to you, is Master Robert Corbett, my very greatest friend, a man of high birth, but one who, as Buchanan says,

Sidney to Languet

In excellence of parts outdoes his birth.

He is of the right side in religion, and not unpractised in the art of war; he speaks only Italian. The other is Master Richard Shelley, my cousin, as also is Corbett, but nearer to me in blood as the other in friendship. He is a man of erudition, knows well Greek and Latin and Italian, and has some slight acquaintance with French; but he is sadly addicted to popery. When they reach you, if you please, you will learn their names from themselves. Farewell, and continue to love me. Venice (I shall return to Padua on Monday), April 15, 1574. Your truly devoted

Philip Sidney.

To the most excellent Master Hubert Languet, my friend much to be respected.

XX

Languet to Sidney

I DO not believe your mind could so soon be tainted with the morals of the people whom you have visited, as to forget utterly one who loves you better than himself, and grudge him the intense pleasure he will feel at hearing you have returned safe to Padua, to our good friends there. Still, as you write not a word of your return, you would give me some grounds for suspicion, if my regard for you, which absolutely rules me, would allow it. And if it should be so, I should not wreak my fury on the Etrùrians and Savoyards, from whom my misfortune took its birth; but I would straight attack the English, and aim all my weapons at them. And if I should find nothing to charge you with except inconstancy in friendship, I would search out and scrape together, from every quarter, all that could hurt or lower the character of your country, and so satiate myself with sweet revenge. But I will do nothing hastily; I will command my temper until I am more certainly informed of your disposition towards me, and then I will act according to circumstances. But now let us cease fighting. If I thought that my advice would have any weight with you, I should recommend you, as I have before, to keep clear of those places which are under Spanish government. For we hear from

many quarters, that troops and other supplies are being sent every day from England to the enemies of Spain, so that no one doubts the Spaniards are irritated against you. Genoa itself is so devoted to Spain, that I doubt if it will be safe for you to stay there long. But perhaps you enjoy the sight of ships fitting out, which is always going on there, and the music of the fetters that bind the poor rowers; or you are kept there by the desire to see John of Austria on his return to Spain, where I fear he may find only jealousy as his reward for all he has done for his country. For these two natural sons of the King of Spain, who have lately made their appearance, as if from the grave, seem to threaten something of the kind. Doubtless the King will do all he can to honour them, that Don John may have some rivals of consequence. How beautifully everything is being made ready for acting in Spain, after the King's death, such a tragedy as we had in France the other day. Perhaps, indeed, the actors, being in the heat of youth, will not wait so long. In France, the crop is ripening which was sown when you and I were there. I hope those who exulted at the sowing will reap in tears. The unhappy King has been reduced by a few evil counsellors to such a state, that he is not only in terror of those whom he has injured, but even of those who have received the greatest benefits from him. I observe that all these things are

Sidney to Languet

coming to pass just as I foretold to a friend of mine, in that long letter which you read about the journey of the King of Poland.

I wish you all good fortune, and beg you not to be so hasty in forgetting your friends.

Vienna, April 10, 1574.

XXI

Sidney to Languet

I NEVER could be induced to believe that Machiavelli was right about avoiding an excess of clemency, until I learned from my own experience what he has endeavoured with many arguments to prove. For I, with my usual vice of mercy, endured at your hands not only injustice, but blows and wounds; hoping that such gentleness would at last bend the most hardened obstinacy. But I am disappointed in my hopes, and seeing that my remedy, far from diminishing, even increases the malady, I shall use it no longer, but I shall substitute wholesome severity for this empty show (for so in truth it is) of clemency. What! have you really persuaded yourself that you may not only in safety laugh at the Welsh, paint the Saxon character in its true colours, set down Florentines and Savoyards for thieves and robbers, but you

must go a step farther and threaten the English? I should be sorry to pour out my wrath, just though it is, on the Burgundians, out of respect for your patron saint, Hubert, and that sage duke of yours, Charles, of pious memory, whom the Swiss treated with such consideration. But I wish you to answer me this, What has England done to deserve so fierce a persecution at your hands? And not content with this, you challenge me on a private quarrel, as if my country's was not enough to move me, and produce some new suspicions against me, of which the heaviest of all is, that I neglect my duty of writing because I forget you. Oh! I love you! like Geta in the Phormio, you have tried a man's honesty with money, and yet cannot trust him with words. But I shall settle this matter with you in person, and in a very different manner; at present I should be sorry to cast off my usual lenity altogether, because I hope to see by your next letter, that you are duly penitent for so grave a fault.

Sidney to Languet

Monsieur d'Acqs has returned to Venice. I will endeavour to make his acquaintance, for he is, or at least is said to be, distinguished for every virtue. I hear he brings word that the Turks are making great preparations this year, so that I hope the Spaniards will have to think more about defending their own homes than attacking other men. And hence many persons begin to doubt

whether John of Austria will return to Spain. Cosmo, Duke of Florence, died the other day; his people lament him greatly, with the same feelings as those of the woman of Syracuse, who prayed long life to King Dionysius. His successor is even now busily treating with the Turk, that his Etrurian subjects may have free access to trade in Greece. Whether he will obtain his suit I know not.

As the time approaches for me to keep my promise of returning, that you may not some day, as you have done before, accuse me of inconstancy, I place in your hands the free choice and right of deciding whether I shall wait until the Count of Hannau goes back, or set out at once on my journey to you, my dear Hubert. I have nothing to add except that Messieurs du Ferrier and Zindelini continue to show me the greatest attention. Farewell, and if you love me, see that you be not over anxious. Your most loving and dutiful

Philip Sidney.

Padua, April 29, 1574.

I beg that you will kindly greet Master Vulcobius and Bouchetell from me. Brusket salutes you. I write half asleep, and in the same state I have written a letter which I am sending to Lobetius.

To the most excellent Master Hubert Languet, my much respected friend, at Vienna.

XXII

Languet to Sidney

THE Spaniards have begun to talk more grandly than ever about their affairs, since they lost Zealand; meantime the Gueux have taken from them the town of Berghem, which is only eight miles from Antwerp, and are now fortifying it; and the troops of the Palatine Christopher and Lewis of Nassau are laying waste their lands. And yet the Spaniards are so courteous a race, that they not only submit to this, but seem not even to disapprove of it; they do even the same as their enemies, ay, and as I hear, bear harder on their subjects than they. All this time they chatter a great deal about an enormous fleet which is being fitted out in Spain, with which they say they not only intend to recover Holland and Zealand, but in order to take revenge for their disobedience, they will break down the dykes, and let the sea overwhelm them. And they will raise Spanish, Italian, Swiss, and German troops in such numbers that they will not only chastise the rebels, but the neighbouring states, too, who have helped to keep alive the war. You English, they will fall upon first, as the chief authors of their misfortunes. See, therefore, that you fail not your country at so great a need. I would not, however, have you be too hasty, for they will not, I hope,

Languet to Sidney

lay siege to London this spring, for their motto seems to be, "Festina lentè." They have been compelled to withdraw the troops which they had in Holland, to meet the enemies' forces which are attempting to pass the Meuse. And so the Prince of Orange has marched into Holland with his army, and, it is said, intends to besiege Amsterdam. Do what they will, the Spaniards will either be driven from Belgium, or will be compelled to end the war by a treaty, of which the first condition will be that they shall all evacuate the country, and that will be a sore thing for them. When first they went there, they found it a very warm nest, and did not think they could easily be made to leave it. I hope if you have not done what you promised me, about correcting your pronunciation, that you will do it now. I think it is most essential and yet perfectly easy. Health and happiness to you.

Vienna, April 18, 1574.

XXIII

Languet to Sidney

I HEAR that in your part of the world there is a book privately on sale, written in Italian, entitled the Stratagem of the King of France. If you can get a copy or two of this work, you

will confer a great favour on myself and Master Vulcobius by sending it to us; but take care to fold it in a small packet, and give it to the person who usually forwards your letters. You will settle about your portrait as you please. If you had hopes of coming to us soon, it would be needless to send it to me before, but your speed in this matter is very slow. I wish you all health and happiness, and give you joy of your safe return to your friends. Greet Master Brusket and your other attendants from me.

Sidney to Languet

Vienna, April 23, 1574.

XXIV

Sidney to Languet

ALTHOUGH I have no doubt you have received from many quarters, and even from rumour itself, far more certain intelligence than I can give you, writing at this date and from this place, yet I think it my duty on so important a subject to have a few words with you by letter. For, as I have always thought it the most delightful fruit of friendship to converse freely with one's friend, that is, with a second self, on any subject, public or private; so this present occasion of itself seems to demand of all who care for the true religion, to dismiss every

Sidney to Languet

other thought, and concentrate on it alone the full powers of their mind. Why all this preface? Because I would have you believe that I am deeply and sincerely distressed. For I have heard, and that from no obscure persons, but even from the Council of Ten, that Count Lewis has been defeated and mortally wounded, his brother taken, and a great number of his people slain, among whom the most distinguished are Christopher, son of the Palatine, and certain Counts of the Rhine, as they are called. And they say such a panic has arisen from this in Belgium, that unless some Christian prince comes to the rescue, affairs are tending to a surrender. I hope, indeed, and hope because I wish, that this is a false rumour, spread about to please the Spaniards, who desire nothing so much as that men should believe they are prospering. But howsoever it may be, my dearest Languet, this at least is certain, that our princes are enjoying too deep a slumber; nevertheless, while they indulge in this repose, I would have them beware that they fall not into that malady, in which death itself goes hand in hand with its counterpart.

I lately saw a work written with some skill (if I can get it, I will send it to you), in which the author strongly urges the princes whom he calls Catholic, to carry out the decrees of the Council of Trent; and he finds occasion for this especially in the disgraceful indolence of the German

princes. For while some of them are engaged in carousals, others in absurd hunting parties, others again in turning the course of rivers with lavish expenditure, and all except the Palatine have made up their minds to neglect their people and ruin themselves, he is confident that they may easily be crushed. Good heavens, how I wish I could pass only one hour with you, for I have much to say which I cannot possibly trust to writing. It will soon be in my power, for the Count, I hope, will shortly return, and will make no stay here, but at once begin the journey to you, and this somewhat calms the vehemence of my desire.

Sidney to Languet

I have written to-day to my uncle the Earl of Leicester, and have told him all the results which the Spaniards promise themselves from this victory. Perhaps some good may come of my letter, and if not, at any rate for my own part, I would rather be charged with lack of wisdom than of patriotism. Believe me, my dear Hubert, when I tell you that I have never seen a silly woman exulting at an unexpected piece of news more than some of these Spaniards are doing at this; and yet they pretend to the character of great moderation; God grant they may laugh with a wry face! But enough of this. I have taken measures about that French Stratagem, and before Thursday two copies will be made for me; it is not printed, because the Pope was moved

Languet to Sidney

by the urgent request of the French ambassador to forbid it. For where the author praised to the skies certain Italian virtues in the King, the stupid Frenchman thought his master was being insulted instead of praised. As soon as I have it I will send it to you, with a letter to Master Vulcobius. I do not write to him now, both because I am much engaged, and because, as he is always busy, I would not trouble him needlessly. Pray greet him heartily, and thank him much for his kind letter to me. Finally, whatever news you have, let me hear it, if so it please you. Farewell, and love me. My Lewis commends him to you in all duty.

Your most loving
Philip Sidney.

Padua, May 7, 1574.

To the most excellent Master Hubert Languet, my very dear friend, at Vienna.

XXV

Languet to Sidney

THE success of Orange against the Spaniards had somewhat cheered us, but this unfortunate battle, in which the army of the Palatine, Christopher, and Lewis of Nassau has been defeated, has again beaten down our

hopes. If it is true that Christopher has fallen, as the Spaniards say (and they alone have received letters about it), what a blow it will be to that excellent old man, his father, who only permitted him to expose himself to such dangers, through his zeal for the propagation of the true religion, and for the relief of those who are unjustly oppressed by the Spaniards. You judge rightly about Italy; whenever the Turks gain possession of it, all the ancient virtue that remains in them will soon be lost, and so the rest of Christendom will reap a double benefit from its fall. It only remains that I should thank you for so kindly and liberally offering me your aid. I would without hesitation accept it, if I were not sufficiently supplied from other quarters. I have so learned to be content with a little, that I hope I shall never be a burden on my friends; still, as a mark of your regard for me, it is most grateful, and I esteem it a kindness.

Languet to Sidney

Vienna, May 1, 1574.

XXVI

Languet to Sidney

I ADMIRE the candour with which you warn me to beware of you, for that is the meaning of your fierce threats. But there you do

Languet to Sidney

not follow the advice of your friend Machiavelli, unless, perhaps, it is fear that has extorted those big and sounding words, and you thought that so I might be deterred from my intentions. I wonder it did not occur to you that the Burgundians are men of a high and indomitable spirit, and rise, like the palm, against pressure from above. But a great man, as he does not give way to the insolence of an enemy, so is easily moved to compassion towards those who are struggling with misfortune, or threatened with danger. So I will lay aside my quarrel, and in the character of a friend I will advise you to look out quickly for some painstaking man, to instruct you carefully in Marianism, for without an acquaintance with the science, it is impossible that any one should henceforth, as he might hope to do, attain any high station in England. For the Spaniards say that they are sending John of Austria into Belgium, to crush the Gueux, to subdue the English by the terror of his name, restore the Queen of Scotland to her liberty, marry her, and receive the kingdoms of Scotland and England as her portion. I wish that name, Philip, of which you are so proud that you do not spare even St. Hubert, could be changed to John, that you might be a namesake of your future prince, which might open you a way to his favour; and therefore I recommend you to consult your canonists on the subject, and especially

your friend Delius. If the thing can be done by indulgence or dispensation, or any other means, spare no expense, that so you may return to your friends with so noble a name. But to speak seriously: the Spaniards, puffed up with their late success, are threatening dreadful things, not only to the Gueux, but also to you English and the Palatine. They say that John of Austria is to lead great reinforcements of Spanish and Italian troops from Milan into Belgium. The Spaniards are also enlisting great numbers, cavalry and infantry, in Germany, and are applying to the Swiss for troops. Besides this, a fleet is being fitted out in Cantabria, so strong that they expect Gueux, English, and French will be unable to bear even the sight of it. What say you of all this? The mountain in labour. I entirely believe that they are thinking of peace, since they see that up to this time they have gained nothing by war, and all these big words have this object, that they may buy it as cheap as possible; but they will find more difficulty in that than they anticipate. It is not so hard to raise large armies; but to support them for any length of time—"hoc opus, hic labor est," this is the difficulty. They have very few men in Belgium, and yet these are in mutiny for their arrears of pay, and have put their officers in confinement. I believe the fate of the Roman pontiff will be that of Priam, namely, that he will survive all his

Languet to Sidney

Languet to Sidney

friends. This seems to be the determined object of those princes who wilfully and knowingly are giving themselves over to ruin, to prop his dignity and authority. You English, like foxes, have slunk out of it, with a woman too for your leader, which makes it the more disgraceful and discreditable to us.

I think you err in saying that the French ambassador has returned from Constantinople. Others who write, do not mention it, and his brother, who is to succeed him, is still in Poland. We had already heard that the Duke of Florence had descended to Rhadamanthus. Pluto will have enough to do for some days with his new subjects. That man will one day be spoken of as a sagacious and fortunate prince. The good hope you give me of your return has quite made me happy. I forgive you and all the English every sin you have ever sinned against me, and I am almost sorry I have foretold you the misfortunes which are to befall you. It will be far more convenient for you to travel through Germany with the Count, especially as none of your people speak German; and therefore it is better that you should wait for his coming, so that he comes away before midsummer. For I fear the heat for you, spare framed as you are, and knowing as I do your voracious appetite for fruit; and therefore I forewarn you of fever and dysentery, if you stay there during the summer. I never feel

relief from the low spirits, which I suffer for good reasons, but when I read your letters, and so I write at random anything that comes into my head. Wherefore I pray you to excuse it, and to believe that I have no evil intent in what I write. When you have decided on coming away, I beg you will let me know, that I may not write to no purpose. Farewell; greet my friends, especially Master Brusket. Sidney to Languet

Vienna, May 13, 1574.

XXVII

Sidney to Languet

YOU certainly have behaved with a good deal of temper, seeing that I sent you so fierce a challenge, and I applaud your meekness; doubtless you were conscious, after so grievous a sin, that it was better frankly to confess your fault than to persist in the error. You have attempted to stir up the wrath of St. George. I approve your determination.

But, my dear Languet, what are we doing? Jesting in times like these? I cannot think there is any man possessed of common understanding, who does not see to what these rough storms are driving, by which all Christendom has been agitated now these many years. If there is anyone

Sidney to Languet

who sees what is to follow, and is not moved by it, I say that such a man should either take his place among the gods, or be classed with the brutes in human form, ὡς εἰ θηρίον εἰ θεόν. But here we have the true enjoyment, or rather the true fruit, of friendship, namely, that the recollection of a dear friend is not only a great relief under all sorrow, but that it doth, in the midst of most grave affairs, force a man to descend to a certain relaxation of his mind. And this refreshing of the mind consists, more than anything else, in that seemly play of humour which is so natural, and so engrafted, so to speak, in the characters of some of the wisest men, that neither Socrates nor our own More could lose their jest even in the hour of death. So let us even be merry.

Afric's parched land rings with the din of war.

The holders of Goletta and Tunis are, I believe, Spaniards; yet men say they are shivering in spite of all the heat, but that the Turk can make no great movement this year for want of seamen; and the same is commonly reported of our Queen. I think I told you that all our English sailors have for some time past found employment in the Prince of Orange's ships. The Spaniards have many stories to tell, some that John of Austria is to go into Flanders with a large force of Italians, others that he will be sent for

to Spain, others again that he will stay in Italy. My belief is that Philip is using him as a Delphian sword, so as to let the world see he has a leader of such fame in hand, either for the Turk, or for France, if they have any designs against him; and to keep down by his presence any movement among his Italian subjects, which he begins to be afraid of, while at the same time the prospect of his coming may keep the Flemings to their duty. I hope, while he has all this to do, he may do nothing. The people of Ragusa contributed forty ships to fit out that Biscay fleet for Philip. Sidney to Languet

De Foix, the French ambassador at Rome, is held there in high honour; a common phrase enough, but one that peculiarly suits his case; for, as I have learned from a person whom I can trust, he is "held" so fast, that he cannot get away even if he wishes it. But enough of this. I conclude the Count of Hannau is by this time at Padua, for three days ago he was at Ferrara. I am this day expecting a letter from my father; if it brings any news, I will let you know: but I hope I shall be with you before my next letter, though, as I have not yet spoken with the Count, and therefore can form no certain plan, I hope you will answer this; and if your letter should come after my departure, I will take good care that it shall be sent after me to Vienna, and so the collection be increased. Corbett set

Languet to Sidney

out for Vienna yesterday, though I expect he will be forced to leave his servant behind him, for he is too unwell to bear the fatigue of such a march. Give my warmest greeting to Master Vulcobius, and to my good Bouchetell. What I wrote to you in a former letter about the French ambassador was a mistake. I had misunderstood du Ferrier, who told me of it. Farewell.

Venice, May 28, 1574.

Brusket sends you his humble duty.

Since I wrote the above, I hear that the Count has arrived in safety at Padua.

To the most excellent Master Hubert Languet, my very dear friend, at Vienna.

XXVIII

Languet to Sidney

I ADMIRE the kindness and good feeling, my dear Sidney, with which you sympathize with the misfortunes of good men, while you fear lest the victory which the Spaniards have gained, should prove the ruin of those who oppose their power in Belgium. I told you in my last letter what I think on the subject. What we hear has since happened there, confirms my opinion more

and more, since I see that the Spaniards are turning war into robbery, and are more intent on betraying and plundering their allies, than beating their enemies. I suppose you have heard in what a shameful manner they obtained possession of Antwerp after that victory of theirs, in which business I am at a loss to say whether the commander is to be charged with folly or treachery. Who will ever trust him again? What discipline can a man ever preserve in his army, who has untied its strongest band? An army that has tasted the plunder of friends, will never run the risk of winning it from an enemy. Though Alva did many things there which might be found fault with, not one of his acts was so disgraceful, nor would he ever have so sinned against the honour of a soldier. Champigny, the brother of Cardinal Granvelle, who commanded at Antwerp with five hundred men, has earned himself a glorious name by thus betraying a city committed to his keeping, though he denies that he had anything to do with the surrender, complains of those who contrived it, and says that he will go to Spain and lay the whole affair before the King. And to free himself from all suspicion of treason, he wished to lead his men to meet the Spaniards as they rushed into the city; or at least he pretended to wish it, but the commander ordered him to leave the city with his people. We will acquit him of treachery because

Languet to Sidney

Languet to Sidney

he is a Burgundian; still, he will never lose the character of a fool, for taking such poor care of the city which was entrusted to him. I am sorry for the fate of the beautiful city, but I hope that its misfortune will be useful to the Prince of Orange, for the Walloons are beginning to be disorderly, and fiercely demand their arrears of pay, and were very near taking possession of Louvain the other day. They are now at Brussels, plundering the environs, and trying to extort money from the citizens by threats.

In the mean time Orange is making the most of his circumstances. He has lately occupied the town of Nimeguen, on the right bank of the Meuse, so as to make incursions into Brabant without interruption; they say that he is laying down a bridge there. Three or four years ago that town came by inheritance to the son of Berlaimont, who was distinguished among the nobles of Belgium for his devotion to the Spaniards, and for the fatal counsel he gave them; and so Orange, in seizing the city, not only makes a good move, but in a manner takes revenge for the injuries of his country and himself. Thus you see that our party in Belgium is not in so desperate a case as your friends at Venice say.

When you receive this letter, if you have not yet made arrangements for your journey, I entreat you to let me know about it, and also

within what time you are likely to come hither, and whether I am to expect you here (if the Emperor should happen to leave this place before you return) or at Prague. For we hope that the Emperor will go in less than a month, and I hear that he has already sent into Bohemia with orders to summon the States on the first of July. But as this is generally done with the consent of the nobles, perhaps they will not agree to the day, and so the thing will be put off again. You will inform his Excellency the Count of this when he comes back to you.

Languet to Sidney

We feel the heat here severe enough; wherefore I doubt not it troubles you where you are. You will be wise if you follow the example of the storks, and look out for better summer quarters. Four days ago a runner arrived here who left Constantinople on the fifth of this month. I received a letter from Ungnad, the Imperial ambassador, in which he tells me that Sinan Pasha, who lately succeeded in quelling the disturbances in Arabia Felix, is to command the fleet, which will sail from Constantinople about the beginning of next month. I shall say nothing of the tragedies in France, since I have no doubt you hear all that news sooner than we. I thought the Stratagem of the French King was printed, otherwise I should have been sorry to trouble you about it. When you come, I will tell you the

occasion on which it was written, and by whom, which I must not trust to writing. Farewell.

Vienna, May 21, 1574.

Nevers suffered here from severe pain in his leg, where he was wounded some years ago, but suppuration has taken place and he is getting better, so that I suppose he will go away in a few days.

XXIX

Sidney to Languet

THIS is the twenty-ninth letter I have received from you, my dearest Languet, since I came into Italy, and yet I have ever found the last more acceptable and more delightful than any former one. And hence I discover, what I had conceived to be impossible, that my affection for you, which I thought did not admit of increase, has received a great augmentation in this interval of time and space. You are the same person, and your noble genius produces the same fruit as ever; and yet, loving you as I do, I always find that, although your former letters gave me such pleasure as I do not believe our merry friend Pietro found in his history of Pannonia, nevertheless, the last are so far superior in this respect, that I fancy I have only sipped the former, while

I quaff the latter with the draught of a Saxon. And so I entreat you, for a few days more reward me for my diligence; for his Excellency the Count has resolved not to leave this place for the next three weeks, and if I am to endure the privation at all, I would rather that a letter of yours should come hither after my departure, than that I should have to stay here even for a day or two without the pleasure of seeing you in your handwriting, especially as I have taken good care that your letters shall be sent back without risk to Vienna. I am sorry indeed that the Count has reserved, as it were, his journey for all the heat. It has been only moderate hitherto; but then without doubt it will be far otherwise. But that is his affair. For myself, as I have determined to be his companion in the march, I have no doubt I shall bear it all as well as he.

Sidney to Languet

I send you a letter from him, with one from Welsburg and one from Goetz. They are all marvellously attached to both you and me. We have here a noble German, the Baron and Burgrave of Donau in Prussia. He has heard so much of you that he greatly loves you, and desires to be acquainted with you. To this end he has been earnestly begging me to commend him to your regard, which I do most particularly for his satisfaction, though I am sure it will be as great a pleasure to you as to him; for, in a word, he is far superior in every kind of excellency to all

Sidney to Languet

the Germans who are staying here. I have just been interrupted by Monaw, a sensible and good man, who greets you kindly.

You tell me to write you word whether I would rather meet you at Prague or Vienna. Be assured that nothing will please me more than to see you as soon as possible, provided it falls in with your convenience; and therefore I wish you would look at the case thus. Think of me as one who is truly attached to you, who, therefore, while he desires to enjoy your company with all speed, is still anxious that your advantage may be consulted; especially as it will make little difference, since if the Emperor is not at Vienna, wherever the court may be, thither the Count will forthwith proceed. I am delighted at what you say of the Spaniards. There is no news in Padua, except that our doctors are altogether out of fashion, and that is no news. I do not like the excessive politeness of that expression, "You would not have troubled me about the book, if you had not believed it to be in print." Why, even if I felt only ordinary affection for you, this sort of thing is so little and insignificant, that it really does not merit thanks. But you have deserved so much of me, that I doubt whether I shall ever feel such gratitude as I ought; and as to making return, I shall be utterly unable, unless God grant me more than I dare to hope. And therefore use not such elegant speech any

more, unless we are to have a new quarrel; and if so, be sure it will be more perilous than the former. Pray tell Master Vulcobius that I do not write to him now, because I have nothing worth writing, and I doubt not he is somewhat disquieted at the present. He may be sure that I return his kindness with gratitude and love. Commend me to my two English cousins, who I suppose are still with you. Do not forget Bouchetell. Farewell.

Languet to Sidney

Your most affectionate and dutiful

Philip Sidney.

June 4, 1574.

XXX

Languet to Sidney

THOUGH I have received no letter from you, I do not like to break my rule of writing to you, for now that the greater part of my friends have sunk under various misfortunes, almost the only pleasure I have comes from the recollection of your friendship, and that is most strongly impressed on my mind when I write to you or read your letters. But as I fear this may reach Venice after your departure, I shall write so as not to be much concerned if it falls into other hands; and such subjects as I should have discussed more freely, I will keep

Languet to Sidney

till you come. The Spaniards are working their will at Antwerp, for neither the citizens nor the foreigners could produce as much money as they demand. Those too who hold the new citadel are in mutiny; they have killed some of their officers, and keep the people of Antwerp in consternation by firing the great guns. The deputies of those provinces which adhere to the King have assembled at Brussels; the commander called them together to consult them on state affairs, especially on the means of raising money to pay the troops. But the commander has not gone thither because the state of Antwerp detained him, and the people of Brussels are in the greatest terror of the Walloons, who are plundering the villages round about the city and try to extort money from them by horrible threats. The Spaniards, Germans, and Walloons, who are in Holland, the bishopric of Utrecht, and Gueldres, follow the example of the rest, and demand their pay mutinously; and wherever they march, plunder the country. They tried to seize Utrecht, but the citizens had learned a lesson from the fate of Antwerp; they flew to arms and bravely repulsed them, killing forty or fifty of them. Thus the victory which the Spaniards gained over the enemy seems to have brought more mischief than profit to the King. Meantime Orange has laid down a bridge over the Meuse near Bommel, so as to have his line of march open into

Brabant, and at each bridge-head he has built a fort for its protection. After that he went into Zealand, to fit out his fleet, because he learned the Spanish fleet was coming, and is determined to give them battle. I believe you had heard that Count Annibal of Ems, brother of the Cardinal of Constance, had raised two legions, or, as we call them, regiments of foot, for the King of Spain, which he has to take into Belgium. A party of the French cavalry, who were going to join the Palatine Christopher, but retired when they heard of the defeat of his army, fell upon Count Annibal as he was marching from Strasburg to Saverne in Alsace, killed some of his men, and pursued him as he fled, wounded in two places, as far as Saverne.

Sidney to Languet

Vienna, May 28, 1574.

XXXI

Sidney to Languet

I HAVE received your letter, my dearest Hubert, in which, though you say nothing which clearly expresses your feelings, fearing, I suppose, lest it should fall into other hands in my absence, still I, who know you so well, easily perceive the extreme sorrow under which you labour. There are many circumstances which

Sidney to Languet

make me sure of it, and this especially, that your pen, which is wont to overflow with its current of eloquence, now seems to glide on as a quiet stream may, with a kind of gentle murmur; and though it is employed on a different subject, lets me see plainly enough what it is you have in the depths of your heart. I should be unworthy of the nature of man, if I did not lament from my soul this suffering of my best friend, and therefore I will not thus attempt to relieve your distress, I mean, by enlarging on my own. You know me well, that I am neither a brute, nor a man of bronze. But as I have done in former letters, I entreat you most earnestly, leave that ungrateful soil which you have cultivated now so many years, and reaped no fruit, or almost none; and come to those who love you most truly and are no Laodiceans. And be not deterred by the dangers which, it may be, are hanging over my country; for you, who have in your head all the story of all the nations in the world, are well aware that the only persons who have ever suffered injury from that quarter are the English nobles themselves.

But more of this, my dear Languet, when we meet. Certain intelligence reached this city the day before yesterday, which confirmed the report of the French king's death, adding that the Queen, his mother, was appointed regent until the King of Poland shall be able to return. Mean-

time Alençon, Navarre, and Montmorency remain prisoners. It is a strange event. I am at a loss what to think of it, whether his death is a wound to our cause, or, as I hope, a healing salve. The Almighty is ordering Christendom with a wonderful providence in these our days. It is said that Montpensier has taken Montgomery prisoner; but I do not believe it. Sidney to Languet

To-morrow, Selim's physician, a Jew, is to treat with the Venetians of concluding a peace on settled terms. I will write you word what takes place. The illustrious commander is endeavouring to repress the disorders of the Spaniards, or, at least, pretends to do so. This is the man who prized so highly the opportunity of displaying his own folly. I do trust that, before many years are past, the virtues of these Spaniards will be understood by the whole world. They were born slaves, and have done nothing ever since (as if to make bad worse) but change their masters; for they have always been servants of Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Goths, Saracens, or Moors: of late, indeed, they have been somewhat raised by the character of one man, Charles; and he was a Belgian; and since his death all the world sees with what speed they are hastening back to their original condition.

The Count of Hannau has not received your letter from the Palatine, but has been waiting for it to the present time. Count Solms, who came

Languet to Sidney

from thence the other day, says, indeed, that it will soon be sent hither; neither have I received the letter which I told you my father had sent for me. For the merchant who had it, went to Rome, but he will be here again in ten days. Farewell; my dutiful respects to Master Vulcobius and to Bouchetell. Yours from my heart,

Philip Sidney.

Venice, June, 1574.

XXXII

Languet to Sidney

MASTER Corbett showed me your portrait, which I kept with me some hours to feast my eyes on it, but my appetite was rather increased than diminished by the sight. It seems to me to represent some one like you rather than yourself, and, at first, I thought it was your brother. Most of your features are well drawn, but it is far more juvenile than it ought to be; I should think you were not unlike it in your twelfth or thirteenth year. Master Corbett gave me another copy of that noble Stratagem, for which I thank him and you. The one which you sent me before I gave to Vulcobius in your name. The ancients accorded the name of "stratagem" to any wise counsel by which the commander of an army brought about the preservation of his own men when in peril, or the overthrow of his

enemy. But, nowadays, after your Italian school, we give to vices the names of virtues, and are not ashamed to call falsehood, treachery, and cruelty by the names of wisdom and magnanimity. The conflagration which rages in France, I believe can be extinguished only by its fall. I know not whether your countrymen have consulted their own interests in letting Montgomery be overpowered in their very neighbourhood. His capture is exulted in by the Papists as much as if the war was ended; but if it is true, as we hear, that the King of France is dead, their joy will be diluted, lest they be too much intoxicated. Languet to Sidney

Vienna, June 11, 1574.

XXXIII

Languet to Sidney

I WOULD gladly give all that is dearest and most precious to me in the world, to have you here with us now, that you might be made known to the King of France, and form an acquaintance with some of his suite. It would be useful to you, if ever you return to the French court, as you seem to intend. I mentioned you to Montmorino, who is here, and begged him to regard you as a friend if you go back to France. He replied that wherever he met you he would

Languet to Sidney

show you all friendly attention; and he offers to receive you in his own house, if you cannot find better lodging at the court (which will often be the case), and he requested me to send you his humble service. My dearest Sidney, I wish more than ever to talk with you on certain subjects which concern yourself, and which I may not trust to writing.

I greatly fear the death of the French king will still more inflame religious animosities among Christians, and that the princes who differ, will rush still more violently to their destruction. We shall see what this king will do when he returns to France. Those who know him well, say that he has resolved to grant free pardon to all offenders, and to embrace all who are willing, in his friendship. I hope he may mean what he says, and do it; but men do not frighten birds when they want to catch them. I wish he would follow the example of his ancestor, Louis XII. He had, in the lifetime of Charles VIII, many enemies, and some who put his life in peril; yet when he became king, he frankly forgave them everything, and when his friends wondered that he took no revenge for all his wrongs, he answered that the King of France had nothing to do with the wrongs of the Duc d'Orleans: a saying well worthy of a high-minded, wise, and good prince, as I believe him to have been—so much so that I prefer him to any other king France ever had. Our pre-

sent king will find great difficulty from the religious dissensions. He has written already, I hear, to the Prince of Condé, making him friendly offers, and urging him to return into France, which I suspect he will hardly persuade him to do, for I hear from Strasburg that Condé has there made a public confession that he grievously sinned against God, when, after the massacre of Paris, under fear of death he went to mass, and entreats pardon from God and the Church. They say he is raising troops; I suppose to take them into France with him. The King arrived here yesterday, at four o'clock, in the same carriage with the Emperor, who met him at Tabor, a place on an island in the Danube, where the river dues are paid. The Archdukes Mathias and Maximilian met him beyond the Danube. King Rudolph and Archduke Ernest will be here soon, for the Emperor desires them to hasten their return. The King stayed a day in the fort of Wolkesdorf, three miles from this place, that his servants might have their mourning made for them here: they could not do it at Cracow on account of the suddenness of his departure. Pibrac, a man so distinguished for genius, learning, and eloquence, that I believe France does not possess his equal, was lost in a forest by his party, owing to their excessive haste. His friends here suppose that he has been caught by the Poles, who wished to carry back the fugitives, or that by

Languet to Sidney

Languet to Sidney

some other mischance he has perished. But of this when we meet. Some persons think that the King will go to Venice, and will return to France through the Tyrol; which is not likely. I believe he will go through the Austrian dominions straight to the Rhine. You know what were the last words of Pompey, and you remember the ring of your Cœur de Lion. These things make me anxious.

I hope your countrymen will reach Prague to-day. I have found them a companion, or rather a guide, for their journey, who is well acquainted with the country into which they are going: I gave them letters to my friends at Prague and at Nuremberg, who, I hope, will show them some attention. At Augsburg your friend Bizarro will take care, by his infinite beneficence towards them, to cast reproach on your country for the ingratitude with which you treated him, and to bind you to him for ever; so I advise you to consider at your leisure how you may in some degree respond to all his kindness. If you can find an opportunity of paying your respects to the King in this journey of his, I hope you will by all means avail yourself of it. You could use the assistance of Montmorino, or, if he should be absent, of Bellievre, to whom I will commend you. I cannot say how long he will remain here. No doubt he will make all speed as far as the Emperor will permit him, for it is his interest to do so. The Gueux, when they captured the ships

at Antwerp, about which I wrote before, took at the same time some others in the harbour of Amsterdam. The Spaniards have at length left Antwerp with full purses and splendid clothing. The commander seems to meditate the siege of Bommel. His Swiss levies are halting in Burgundy, and declare they will not move farther until the arrival of the Spaniards and Italians, who, as the commander promised, were to march with them. The mishap of Count Annibal of Ems makes them either more prudent or more timid. The Huguenots still hold the forts which they took possession of in the Vosges near the famous Pfalzburg. Farewell, and greet my friends. I do not write to them because I am much occupied, as you may readily suppose.

Languet to Sidney

Vienna, June 25, 1574.

I have just heard that Pibrac arrived here yesterday evening after various mischances and much suffering. I was greatly delighted to hear it.

XXXIV

Languet to Sidney

I WROTE to you three days ago, and told you of the King's departure from Poland and arrival here; no doubt the rumour of it trav-

Languet to Sidney

elled faster than my letter, which, perhaps, will not reach you so soon as this. I said I thought he would not go to Venice, because he could travel a much shorter and more convenient route through the Austrian territory into Lorraine, so as to place himself in the power of no prince except the Emperor, in whose hands he is already. But I was wrong, for he will rather pass the Alps twice, enduring the heat and dust of your dear Italy, and reaching his country by a long circuit (though his interests require haste), than conform any longer to the strict ways of the Germans. Yet I am willing to look on the case with more indulgence, and to believe that he has determined on this route that he may see Venice, and contract a closer alliance with that state and with the neighbouring princes. Would that while he treads the soil on which his ancestors a few years since achieved such noble deeds, he could be moved to imitate their virtues; and especially to study the protection of his own people and their defence from harm, which was always their most sacred duty. We, on the contrary, now and for some years past, are using all our efforts to ruin those whom God has committed to our care, and who are our most faithful friends; and to this end we ask counsel of those whose greatest joy it would be to see our fall; and we are meantime compelled basely to fawn upon them,

and to expose to shame all of ancient dignity that yet remains in our nation. But my grief carries me away and leads me from my subject. Languet to Sidney

If the rumour of the King's approach shall reach you before you come away, you will doubtless wish to be a spectator of the ceremony with which the Venetians will receive him. I am sure it will be magnificent, and well worth beholding. I advise you to do what you can to become known to the King. You will be able to do so through Du Ferrier, or Montmorino, or Pibrac, or Bellievre. Du Ferrier you know well. Montmorino, too, knows you and loves you. I have mentioned you in fitting terms to Bellievre and Pibrac, from each of whom I have received the strongest expressions of good-will. You will remember, however, that in the midst of hurry and tumult you must watch for your opportunity and not be too bashful. I have not space to describe how the King and his attendants came away from Poland, and how courteously he was received by the Emperor. I will defer it till your return. Yet, if you wish, you may hear it all from those who are with the King, and especially from my old friend M. de la Beurthe, who will give you this letter. I write this hastily, having scarcely recovered from yesterday's excesses; for hurrying about as we do in all this heat, we some-

times drink more without any solicitation, than is altogether good for our health. Farewell.

Vienna, June 28, 1574.

XXXV

Languet to Sidney

I WAS jesting the other day about the sickness of Master Richard, your countryman and kinsman, because I had heard that his physicians laughed at his timidity in fearing so much from an attack which was not at all dangerous. But alas! he made a more just calculation of his danger than the physicians, as I learn from a second letter from our friend Corbett, who writes in despair of Richard's condition. He was at the point of death, given over by his physicians. This affair has greatly afflicted me; my regard for you makes me feel the misfortunes of those who are any way connected with you. And besides, it seems a case which calls for compassion, that he should be snatched from his country in the very flower of life, especially as his natural genius had been improved by letters and much general knowledge. Corbett's letter shows that he is greatly disturbed, and I do not wonder at it. He consults me about his own affairs, and asks whether he shall pursue his journey when he has

lost his companion, as he hears that troops are being raised in the places through which his road lies, and that all the country about the Rhine and Lorraine is in a state of great confusion. But as he intimates that he will not leave Prague until he receives my reply, I have written to him to say what I think he should do. Languet to Sidney

Your letter, in which you tell me that you have given up all thoughts of a journey to Rome, has relieved me from great anxiety. You know that I have requested this one thing of you in right of our friendship; see that you keep your promise, for I shall diligently preserve your letter, like a debtor's note of hand, that I may have my action against you, if you deceive me. It almost killed me to learn from your letter that you had been suffering severe pain in your head, and had been drinking water so immoderately, and had hardly escaped a pleurisy. This, my dear Sidney, I foresaw and feared, and therefore advised you to wait for your companions, provided they did not put off their departure until after midsummer. But midsummer is now past, thirty-five days, and I cannot conceive on what ground they delay their journey until August, the month in which men are most liable to sickness, and which, as the poet says, "brings on fevers and uncloses wills." If you love me, take good care of your health, and on this point have consideration for yourself and not for others. If any

Languet to Sidney

misfortune befall you, I shall be the most unhappy of men; for the only thing that gives me pleasure is our friendship, and the hopes I have conceived of your character. For the ruin of my country, and the calamities which have lately befallen my friends, have made my life more mournful than death itself.

I think the King of France will make haste to his kingdom, for many persons affirm that troops are being raised in Germany to be led into France. Some say Prince Casimir is to command them, others Condé. Many difficulties, however, may arise to stop the whole enterprise, especially since they are not well furnished with money, and there are few in Germany who look on them with a favourable eye. I am glad you have become known to M. Perrot, an excellent and most kind-hearted man. I beg you will greet him respectfully from me, if he is with you still. I trust that you have had enough of Venetian spectacles, and will at length come back to us. Indeed, if the weather has been the same with you as with us, you have missed a very fair opportunity. For the excessive heat which gave us much inconvenience through all the month of June, has been greatly moderated for some days past; but I fear it may return. Excuse me to his Excellency the Count, and his attendants, for not writing to them. I did not know they would remain there so long. If they say that I must have

thought the same of you, and yet do not give up my custom of writing to you, I reply that I care very little for the loss of my letters to you, since they usually contain only the most trifling of trifles. I mean my own foolish feelings which I throw into the paper as they arise only to fill it up, and to satisfy your curiosity, since you desire to hear from me. Besides, you told me you had taken good care that my letters should not be lost even if they arrived after your departure. I wish you all happiness. Languet to Sidney

Vienna, July 17, 1574.

XXXVI

Languet to Sidney

YOU seem to me to be somewhat too hard upon Pibrac. I am accustomed to judge of men otherwise than most persons do; unless they are utterly depraved (for I do not think such men's vices ought to be concealed), I cull out their good qualities if they have any; and if through error or weakness they fail in any point, I put it out of sight as far as I can. Pibrac is a man of such genius, learning, and eloquence, that I do not believe his equal is to be found in France. He has much kind feeling, and befriends good men whenever he can, and I do not believe he

Languet to Sidney

ever advised an unprincipled course of conduct. On the day on which the King avowed in the parliament of Paris, that the Admiral and his friends had been slain at his bidding and by his authority, Pibrac delivered in his presence a plain speech, in which he advised him with more freedom than the times allowed, to put a stop to bloodshed altogether, whilst the rest gave their voices to the King, and approved the monstrous crime. Cavagnes, who was put to death with de Briquemaut, and Custosius, Professor of Jurisprudence at Strasburg, were found in his house, and this circumstance was almost his ruin, for many thought he should be put out of the way. He was compelled to save his life by that letter, for which you find fault with him so grievously. I by no means admire his conduct, for, as the poet says,

> Though Phalaris place his bull before thine eye,
> And frowning dictate to thy lips a lie;
> Think it the height of baseness breath to choose
> Ere honour, and life's end for life to lose.

I am no Stoic, nor do I hold that all sins are equal. But it is a fault of my countrymen, that if an eminent man errs in the smallest thing, they at once class him with the most abandoned of men. My nature and education make me differ from them. I know that many persons blame me for this, and say I have it from my master,

Melancthon. I have never yet repented of my master, nor of my education, nor will I be seduced to give them up by the animadversions of men who are more strict, or more bitter, than myself. Languet to Sidney

If you had been in good health, I should have been amused at your complaints of the ungracious behaviour of your friends who went away without bidding you farewell. You imagine, perhaps, my dearest Sidney, that all men have the same obliging character as yourself. Unless you alter your opinion, you will be always meeting with persons who will excite your wrath and give you cause for complaining. I consider that in these days men do a great deal, if they do not actually betray their friends; any additional good feeling must be set down as clear gain, as something over and above the conditions of ordinary friendship. I see, however, by your last letter that you have digested your wrath, and suffered yourself to be talked over, and so you set right in words what is past mending in deeds. You will have to adopt this plan many times before you reach my age, unless you wish to pass your whole life in quarrelling. I have opened Lobetius' letter to you, because you desire it, and Corbett's too, which is written in your language, and therefore I could not understand it. I think, however, he gives you the same account of Richard's illness as he gave me. Lobetius writes that

Sidney to the Earl of Leicester

he has made diligent enquiries about Auber, but has not yet learned anything of him. Greet Master Perrot, whom I desire to relieve of his anxiety. The Roman pontiff and the Spaniards will persuade this new King that he will never be out of danger while a single man of our way of thinking survives in France. But our friends will not let themselves be crushed, and thus there will be endless troubles. I can pardon those whose youth prevents them from understanding the matter, but I am surprised at old men long versed in politics, who see from how small a beginning, after the tragedy of Paris, our friends have advanced to their present strong position, and are aware that their own strength has been greatly diminished in the mean time, and yet cling to their foolish purpose of ruining themselves and us together. Farewell, and greet my friends.

Vienna, July 24, 1574.

XXXVII

Sidney to the Earl of Leicester

[Original in English]

RIGHTE honorable and my singular good Lorde and Unkle, although I have at this presente little matter worthy the writinge unto your Lordshipe, yet beinge newlie returned

frome my Polish journei, I woold not omitt anie occasion of humbly performing this dutie. Wherefore I humbly beseeche your L. to take these fewe lines in good parte, whiche I write rather to continew this [dutie] I ow unto you, than for any other thinge they may conteine in them. The Emperour as I wrote last unto to your L. hath these two yeares continuallie pretended a journey to Prage, which it is thoughte shall indeede be performed to the grate contentacion of that kingedom, which otherwise seemed to bend to disobedience. There it is thoughte his Son shall very shortlie be Kinge; whome likewise the Emperour seekes by all meanes possible to advance to the kingdom of the Romaines, and for that purpose desynes to call an Imperiall diett in Francfort the [place] appointed for the elections: but it is thoughte the Electours will rather chose another [place] for this next ensuing diett whiche is saide shall be sommer followinge at the far[thest] and then there is no hope of Election. Not beinge at Frankfort, it is likely it shall be at Regensburg, where I beleve the Emperour will demaunde fur greater summes of money than will be graunted unto him. Though the peace betwixt the Turke and him [be not] as yet, as fur as it is knowne perfittlie concluded, yet it is thoughte the Turke will rather proceede by sea than this waie, and as the French embassadour hath writtne, mean[eth] to visite the Pope's ter-

Sidney to the Earl of Leicester

Sidney to the Earl of Leicester

ritorie, perchaunce his conscience moveth him to seeke the benefitt of [the] Jubile. I hope as the Spaniardes alreddy begin to speake lower, so the Pope's Holinesse will have lesse leasure to ministre such wicked and detestable cowncills to the Chris[tian] Princes, as hetherto he dothe. Owt of Frawnce your L. hath the advertisements. The Prince of Condé is retired to Basill where he liveth in companie with the Admirals children, beinge frustrate of a great hope he had conceaved of suckowr out of Jermany, wherein many and wise men do impute greate faulte to the Prince Casimire, the Count Palatine's second son, in so muche that to write to your L. plainely he is heavilie s[uspected] to be corrupted by the Frenche. His Father certainely is as vertuous a Prince as livethe; he sufferethe him selfe to muche to be governed by that Son. This I thoughte my duty [to] write, as havinge hearde it in very good place and much affectioned to the true cawse. The Polakes hartily repente their so far fetcht election beinge now in suche case [as] neither they have the Kinge, nor any thinge the Kinge with so many othes had promised, besides that there is lately sturred up a very dangerous sedition for the same c[ause] that hathe bredde suche lamentable ruines in France and Flandres. Now the —— is reasonably well appeased, but it is thoughte it will remaine so but a while.

I have no other thinge worthy the writinge at this presente to your L. Wherefore I humbly ceasse, withe my dailie and most boundne praiers that it please the eternall to continew and encrease you in all prosperitie. Your L. most —. Languet to Sidney

Philippe Sidney.

From Vienna this 27 Novembre, 1574.

XXXVIII

Languet to Sidney

SINCE your departure many things have come into my mind which I thought of writing to you, but as soon as ever I take my pen in hand, and fix my thoughts on you, my spirits are so disturbed with grief that I forget all that I had previously thought of. I will write, nevertheless, without arrangement whatever comes into my mind. Two days after your departure our friend Wotton came to us, bringing me a letter full of kindness from Master Walsingham. I see that your friends have begun to suspect you on the score of religion, because at Venice you were so intimate with those who profess a different creed from your own. I will write to Master Walsingham on this subject, and if he has entertained such a thought about

Languet to Sidney

you, I will do what I can to remove it; and I hope my letter will have sufficient weight with him not only to make him believe what I shall say of you, but also endeavour to convince others of the same. Meantime I advise you to make acquaintance where you now are, with the French ministers, who are learned and sensible men; invite them to visit you and hear their sermons, and do the same at Heidelberg and Strasburg.

I am glad your friend Wotton is going to join you, that so you may have a pleasant and attached companion, one who loves you well, and can relieve the dullness of your journey; I wish Master Jaques Gonsius, my countryman, could give you his company. I know not why you should have desired Wotton to sign his name to the bond which you have left with me. You wrong me if you imagine I trust anyone more than yourself. Do not be disturbed if it happens that you cannot do as you wish about the money which you have borrowed of me, and do not suppose my affection for you will be lessened on that ground; I am even now writing to Doctor Glauburg and Wechel to let you have money on my security, if by any chance your supplies for the rest of your journey should fail you. I will write again in three days. Farewell, my dearest son.

Prague, March 10, *1575*.

XXXIX

Languet to Sidney

YOU see how long the Emperor is lingering here, for the assembly was opened the very day on which you and I arrived here. No business of any great importance has yet been transacted in it. The Emperor has not yet declared to the Bohemians his intention regarding the confession of faith which they presented to him in the month of May; on the other hand, they refuse to consider the question of supplies, and the other matters on which he addressed them, until they have received his answer. At present they have adjourned their deliberations on account of the harvest, and are going to their homes, intending to return hither about the tenth of next month. The Emperor will scarce be able to conclude his affairs here before the meeting of the electors, which they say is to be called at Ratisbon on the twenty-sixth of September. I wish you had remained so long in Germany; you would never have repented of being present at the solemnity, which will bring together most of the princes of Germany, and many eminent men of various nations.

Now I am going to confess my own clownishness, to use no harsher term. As long as I enjoyed the sight of you, I made no great account of the portrait which you gave me, and scarcely

Languet to Sidney

thanked you for so beautiful a present. I was led by regret for you, on my return from Frankfort, to place it in a frame and fix it in a conspicuous place. When I had done this, it appeared to me to be so beautiful, and so strongly to resemble you, that I possess nothing which I value more. Master Vulcobius is so struck with its elegance that he is looking for an artist to copy it. The painter has represented you sad and thoughtful. I should have been better pleased if your face had worn a more cheerful look when you sat for the painting. Farewell.

Sixth of June, a sacred day to the Bohemians, on account of John Huss, who, on this day, suffered at Constance, one hundred and sixty years ago. The respect they pay to his memory looks to me very like superstition. *1575.*

Greet my friends if you yet have any with you that remember me, and especially Master Wotton, your faithful companion. Bekessius, the Transylvanian exile whom you knew here, having hastily collected troops in Poland and the neighbouring parts of Moldavia, twenty days since invaded Transylvania. Some say that a good many of the Emperor's soldiers from the garrisons in Hungary have joined him. I fear we are putting our hands into a wasps' nest, for the Turks will not overlook this business, seeing that Transylvania is under their protection.

XL

Languet to Sidney

I HAVE received no letter from you except the short one which you wrote to me from Heidelberg. Perhaps you feared I should weary you by my many letters, and beg for answers with the same importunity as when you were staying in Italy. I was playing with you then, that I might move you to write, believing that the habit of writing was an important part of your studies. But now you are entering on a far different manner of life. I know that a court is by no means a frugal œconomist of time. I know that you will have to attend to your friends and acquaintances, who will desire the pleasure of your society, and to wait on those whose age and rank demand the respect of young men, and therefore, as I am aware that you were not overfond of writing when you had more leisure, I expect that these frequent interruptions of friends will easily prevail on you to write seldom or never; nor do I care now to write so often, or to send you the silly jesting letters which I formerly did; but I had designed to write to you on public affairs, trusting that letters on such matters would not be disagreeable to you, since I know that you feel the strongest desire to learn the state of things in those nations with which we have any relations, and the changes that may

Sidney to the Count of Hannau

occur among them. And as this desire is in itself most praiseworthy and almost necessary to those who aspire to be statesmen, no one shall easily make me believe that you are altogether discarding it. If you would only write in reply, "I have received your letter; I am in good health; I am going to be married in a few days," or anything else of this kind, I should be abundantly satisfied. Or if it should not please you to do even this, it would be enough to desire our friend Griffin to write so much to me.

Prague, Midsummer, *1575*.

XLI

Sidney to the Count of Hannau

EXCELLENT Sir: On my return to my country, my first duty is to acquaint your Excellency with the fact without delay. I have received such strong indications of your regard for me, that I am glad to believe you will be pleased to hear of any good that may befall me. On the last day of May, a fair wind wafted me to this our island nest, where I found all my family well. The Queen, though somewhat advanced in years, yet hitherto vigorous in her health, which as it is God's will that our safety should hang on so frail a thread, is with good

reason earnestly commended to the care of Almighty God in the prayers of our people. She is to us a Meleager's brand; when it perishes, farewell to all our quietness. But to pass from this subject, I beg and entreat you to be assured, that wherever I may be, I am unchanged in the strong and faithful affection with which I regard you. I will no longer detain your Excellency, for I have no news to communicate. I only beg that I may be heartily commended to that good and wise gentleman, Paul von Welsburg; and although I know that his worth and your good sense render this unnecessary, yet I must ask permission to recommend him to your regard. Farewell, your most devoted

Languet to Sidney

Philip Sidney.

London, June 12, 1575.

To his Excellency, Philip Lewis, Count of Hannau, my much respected friend at Frankfort.

XLII

Languet to Sidney

THE sorrow I felt at your absence was greatly relieved by the letter which you wrote to me from London in the month of June, in which you inform me that you have not only happily escaped the perils which belong to a

Languet to Sidney

journey, but that you are also almost restored to your health. It contains such evidence of your attachment to me, and is written with such elegance and ability, that it would easily have persuaded me to love and admire you, even if the sweetness of your character, your thoughtfulness, and the extent of your knowledge, far beyond your years, had not effected this already. I know it is almost absurd to beg of you, that amid the turmoil of a court and so many temptations to waste time, you will not altogether give up the practice of the Latin language. Still, as this letter shows what progress you have made in it, and how well you can write when you apply your mind to it, if you cast away the study altogether, I shall be compelled to charge you with doing it through indolence and love of ease. See how I repay you for your pleasant letter, by trying to persuade you to undertake a pursuit, which in men of your condition is generally held to mark the absence of common sense.

I will add from the letter of M. Ungnad, though perhaps you have heard it from other quarters, that Cicala, the Genoese, who almost before he was a man, was made Præfect of the Prætorians, or, as they call it, Aga of the Janizaries, is in such favour with Amurath that they say he is going to give him his daughter in marriage, a child eleven years old. These are the baits which will catch the hearts of Italians, and tempt them to

betray their country; and I fear the religion of most of them will be no match for such arts. The other day, as I hear, a Mantuan was made Pasha of Alexandria in Egypt, a man who was taken nine years ago at Szigeth, renounced Christianity, and became a Mussulman. The princes of Italy seem to pay little regard to these facts. They are engaged in the most childish rivalries with each other, and trying to obtain the kingly title. There are even some of them, I hear, who are intriguing to have the royal dignity annexed to their dominions, which, for aught they know, will shortly become districts for Beglerbegs and Sanjaks. I am surprised at this new form of madness. They are negotiating here at court about these trifles with such earnestness as to supply us with ample food for mirth.

May God grant that our excellent young friend Wotton's new purpose of matrimony may prove successful and happy. He is going before to set you an example; but I believe you are well inclined of yourself and do not need exhortation. You see how I am led on by my love of babbling with you, which hardly permits me to leave off. I esteem it the highest favour that your noble parents have thought me worthy of their good wishes. I would I could in any way testify that I am most desirous to serve them. Farewell, and greet my friends.

Prague, August 13, 1575.

XLIII

Languet to Sidney

WE are here rejoicing just now over the Roman pontiff, because the Bohemians have at length extracted from the Emperor that religious liberty for which they have been so long and so earnestly contending. The Emperor endeavoured to elude their petition in various ways, and a few days before he yielded to them, he seemed to be treating them with more asperity than before. But this very asperity only fixed them more firmly in their resolution, and suggested to them the thought of breaking up the assembly. As soon as the Emperor heard of this, he thought it better to give way to necessity than to alienate them altogether by opposition. Therefore, on the second of this month, he said he granted them permission to profess the religion which is represented by the confession of faith exhibited to him in May; and that he took upon himself their protection, and that he promised this not in French sincerity, but on the good old faith of Bohemia, in the name of himself and his successor. He added that his sons were indeed attached to the religion which is commonly called Catholic, but that he had so instructed them, that they who held a different creed should have no cause to fear them, and that they had been greatly wronged by those persons who, after the mas-

sacre of Paris, charged them with forming a conspiracy against certain nobles of Austria who held the reformed doctrines. I am surprised that the Emperor should have remarked thus severely on the French in so large an assembly, because he appears in general to affect a character for moderation, and to inveigh thus against other nations and princes is equivalent to declaring war with them. I suspect that he has lately been somehow thwarted by my countrymen in Poland, for it is too absurd and childish to suppose that it was they who persuaded the Turks to invade Hungary, which is the common report here; as if the most sagacious men of the day would suffer themselves to be led by us, or ask our advice, when they are so well acquainted with our folly. By this concession of liberty in religion, the Emperor has smoothed the way to obtain what he requires from the Bohemians, who on the sixth of this month nominated his son, Rudolph, King of Bohemia; his inauguration will take place on next Thursday.

Languet to Sidney

Prague, September 18, *1575*.

XLIV

Languet to Sidney

I AM sorry that at your age your health should be so uncertain; perhaps you are not so well because you are in too good case; as long as you were travelling and not in such high condition, your health was good, excepting that illness which you suffered shortly before you left us, and which I trust you will not bring back by too violent exercise, or in any other way. What you write in jest about a wife, I take seriously. Be not too confident in your firmness; more cautious men than you are sometimes caught. For my part, I should be glad if you were caught, that so you might give to your country sons like yourself. Whatever is to happen in the matter, I pray God it may turn out well and happily for you. You see with what high courage our friend Wotton has passed through this peril; his boldness seems to convict you of cowardice. Destiny has a good deal to do with the matter, and so you must not suppose that by your own foresight you can so conduct it as to be entirely happy, and that all shall turn out as you desire.

If that which you write, of the reasons why the Spaniards hate you, does not convince your countrymen that you should be on your guard against them, it will be vain for any man to try to persuade them. No doubt your Englishmen dream

that they are such men as the old Talbots and Chandoses. Let them, however, reflect that Spain was the first province out of Italy which submitted to the Roman yoke, and that now the Spaniards are masters of a large part of Italy. Some, indeed, say that the King of Spain is so overwhelmed with debt, that he cannot undertake any great enterprise. They do not reflect that he has it in his power not to pay his debts, and that the princes of the present age hold it foolish to keep faith, when any inconvenience results to them from it. Others say, and with reason, that the King of Spain is not ambitious, but his people are most ambitious and full of contempt for all other nations; and we read that Corbulo, Aetius, Charles Martel, and many others, have done great things under the most supine monarchs. John of Austria is now in the flower of his age, and beloved by the army. If the affairs of Belgium should be brought to a settlement, the King of Spain has an army there in high training and accustomed to the sweets of plunder, and the provinces will never flourish till they are relieved of it. Thus it would be an advantage to the King that this army should be led into England, even though it was sure to perish there. And yet your politeness is so conspicuous that you permit the Spanish fleets to examine your harbours at leisure, and be in them as long as they please.

Languet to Sidney

Languet to Sidney

The kingdom of France was, in times past, the barrier that stopped the ambition of Spain. But now our affairs have come to such a pass, that I fear we shall yet be the servants of the Spaniards, while the Papists, tired of war, and knowing by much experience how little they can depend on the King, will call in the Spaniards and place themselves under their protection. And this I believe they would do, if the Belgian question was settled. The Turks, indeed, will give the Spaniards work to do in Italy and Sicily; but this Amurath who has lately come to the throne does not seem likely to be very active; he is ruled by the counsels of the old Pasha Mohammed, who will never advise him to undertake any enterprise which carries risk with it.

Vienna, December 3, 1575.

XLV

Languet to Sidney

I AM convinced from the letter which you wrote to me from London on the twenty-first of June, that you had intended to tell me nothing of your journey to Ireland, unless my letter had reached you just before your departure; for, some time previous, you had written word of your intention to other friends, who informed me

of it, and you were equipped for your expedition when you wrote to me. Perhaps you were afraid I should not wish you "bon voyage," and thought that others bore better will to you than I. However, as such complaints have hitherto only made you think so poorly of me, I will refrain from them now and simply bewail my ill luck. I admire your dutiful affection which does not allow your noble father to remain any longer without seeing you, and I rejoice that you do not fear the trouble and danger of so long a journey, provided you give him the great pleasure which he will surely feel at seeing you adorned with all those attainments which wise men wish for their sons, even when they dare not hope for them. I do, indeed, admire your excellent purpose, but when I think upon the rugged mountains of Wales, and that stormy Irish sea, and the autumnal season, everywhere unhealthy, I am strangely troubled with anxiety for you. And therefore by the love which you once bore me, I entreat you as soon as you have returned to the repose and delights of your court, to let me hear of your safety, and relieve me of the fear which, as the old poet says, "tortures me and wrings my heart." You will no doubt write to us a careful account of the marvels of Ireland, and send us a specimen of the birds which, they say, grow upon the trees there.

I am enjoying here great pleasure from the so-

Languet to Sidney

ciety of Dr. Andreas Paulus, with whom I am living, and many other friends whom I find here; you too, if you had made an excursion this way, would have met with not a few, and you might have enjoyed the conversation of many eminent men, especially of Master Lazarus Schuendi, whom I have often mentioned to you. Count Solms and the Baron von Donau, who love you much, send their greeting. I send you a book on Persian affairs which I mentioned in a former letter; when you have read it, you will perceive that we do not think so highly of the power of that country. But perhaps Ismael, who has lately succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, and has begun his reign with the murder of his brothers, may restore the lost discipline of the troops. They write word from Constantinople that he has taken the army with which he overpowered his brothers, and is marching towards Babylon, which the Sultan Soliman took from his father Tahmasp, and which he will endeavour to recover, as most people think. I send also another paper on Spanish affairs, which I hope will be neither uninteresting nor unprofitable to you. Farewell.

Ratisbon, August 13, 1576.

XLVI

Languet to Sidney

AFTER your departure my friends kept me some time at Cologne, and as I was on the point of leaving it, a certain person arrived, who told me that he had given you a letter from the Queen, in which you were directed to go to the Prince of Orange, which was very pleasant news to me, for I perceived that by this means, without any risk to yourself, your wish might be satisfied, and that it will be more honourable to you to go thither in the discharge of a public duty, than as a private person, as you had intended. But as I had warned you to be careful not to give anyone an occasion of speaking ill of you, seeing that you had executed all that the Queen committed to you in such a manner as to obtain commendation and honour, and as I nevertheless saw that you were burning to be presented to Orange, and form an acquaintance with him, I was afraid you would afterwards charge me with having prevented you from accomplishing your purpose. For I do not forget how often you have reproached me as the cause of your giving up the journey to Rome. Since you left us, nothing has happened in Germany that is particularly worth relating. The Elector Palatine has not yet returned home. There is no change at Heidelberg since he went away, but

Languet to Sidney

from other towns and villages certain ministers have been discharged, not altogether at liberty, for they have been made to promise that they will appear and take their trial, if any charge shall be made against them within a year. A meeting of Protestant princes is called at Magdeburg for the month of October, in which the question of religion will be discussed; why should not your most gracious Queen send some active agent to this meeting, to set before them the dangers which threaten all who have cast off their allegiance to Rome, if they persist in these contentions, and also to explain to them how the Papists are encouraging these disputes amongst us? It would be well to consult the Landgrave William on this point, and the King of Denmark might be applied to, if you are on good terms with him.

You know the state of affairs in Belgium, and are doubtless aware of the disasters our friends have lately suffered in France. Your people must sleep with one ear open, especially if the Spaniards obtain their peace from the Turks, as I hear from many quarters that they will. See that you do not forget what I said to you at the mouth of the Main, and write about it as soon as you can, as you have more than once promised me. Give my dutiful respects to the excellent Master Greville, your friend, and the other noble and most courteous gentlemen who were the faith-

ful and agreeable companions of your long journey. I wish I could serve them in any way. I felt incredible satisfaction from our intercourse during so many days, but I have experienced what a man does who drinks largely and eagerly of cold water when he is hot, and by this means brings on a fever. My pleasure, great as it was, produced a greater sorrow than I ever before felt, and it has scarcely yet subsided. Just before your departure, in jesting with Bizarro, with a view to driving away your low spirits and my own, I let fall certain words about which I intended to talk with you privately, and this made me sorry for my jest. Our friend Banosius is sent by the churches of the Belgians in exile here and in the Palatinate, to the synod which is called at Dort on the twenty-fourth of this month. From thence I hope he will write to you. He is a good and learned man, and much attached to you. I pray all blessings for you.

Languet to Sidney

Frankfort, June 14, 1577.

XLVII

Languet to Sidney

ON my return from Cologne, I wrote to our common friend and said that I had made the proposal to you, as we had agreed,

Languet to Sidney

and that you liked it well, and were grateful to them for having such an opinion of you; but that you could not come to any determination on the subject until you had consulted those who had a control over you; but that you promised to learn their will as soon as you returned to your country, and to acquaint us with it. I have now received a letter from that friend of ours, in which he says, "L'affaire que sçavez est enseveli. Nous attendons la resolution de votre part, c'est à dire de celuy que sçavez. Car de nostre costé nous sommes asseurez ayans le consentement de la principale personne. Monsieur Ley en a parlé. Tout est resolu moyennant qu'ayez response ou resolution de l'autre costé." You see in what a strait I am placed. I really have been afraid on this account to go to them, although they have invited me more than once, and I have devised various excuses for not going, for I did not wish to deprive them of all hopes of concluding the business, until I should hear from you that no hope remained. For though I think that the thing is very difficult, I do not believe it is quite impossible. What if your fortune, or some good genius, should infuse into your friends, or even your Zenobia, a spirit of liberality towards you? I am now sent for by our friends on matters of such importance, that I must needs obey the call. When they ask me what news I bring on this matter of ours, I shall have nothing to say

except that I have not yet heard from you. If, as I said before, you had written anything of any kind, I might have made up some tale to satisfy them, without any loss of their regard for you. Languet to Sidney

With respect to the public matter about which you were consulted, I have nothing to tell you, owing to my absence from them. The miscarriage of the wife of John of Nassau has caused a delay; for their plan was to meet under his roof to arrange that affair, and to make the baptism of his infant a pretext for their meeting. But, as far as I hear, our people continue in the same mind, and that is one reason why I am not sent for.

We hear from Nuremberg that the Emperor has forbidden the citizens of Vienna to attend the Lutheran sermons, on the ground that the profession of Lutheranism was permitted by his father Maximilian only to the nobility; but the people of Vienna are so far from regarding the interdict, that they go to the sermons in much greater numbers than formerly, now that they are forbidden to do so. This spark may come to a dangerous flame, unless care is taken of it. And what care can be taken, when the minds of our princes are preoccupied by evil counsels, and, as if they were gone mad, refuse to take the advice of common sense? What wonder if the court of Rome can beguile a young prince with its sorceries, when it has so misled the Venetians, who

Languet to Sidney

think themselves the wisest of men, that they have suffered the Inquisition to be established in their city, not only to have jurisdiction over their own people, but over foreigners too? The Turks show their wisdom in granting us peace, that so our madness, being relieved from all fear of them, may work more freely and bring on us a suicidal destruction. The King of Spain is pursuing his plan for the Swiss league, and they say that he has already persuaded most of the Romanist cantons; but I have no doubt that Berne and Zurich and the other more powerful cantons will resist it. They have met at Baden to consider the question. The Genevese are now relieved of their fear of the Spaniards, who held ground for some time not far from their city, but have now passed the Alps. If M. du Plessis is with you, as some say here, and if the similarity of your characters has made you friends, I beg you to greet him respectfully in my name. Farewell, and answer my letter.

Frankfort, July 15, 1577.

XLVIII

Languet to Sidney

I HAD begun to-day to write to you, and had so filled my letter with complaints and expostulations, that if it had reached you, you would have thought me abusive. But as your good luck would have it, Master Daniel Rogers, who arrived here in the evening, told me that he had a letter from you for me, and thus put an end to the vehement excitement of my feelings, so that I restrained the wrath which I had begun to pour forth on you; he has not, however, yet given me your letter. While we were at supper the lad whom you left with his Excellency the Count of Hannau came in, and said that he was going straight to you, and asked if I had a letter. I am loth to send him without one; but as, in the disturbed state of Lower Germany, a letter is not unlikely to be intercepted, I do not choose to entrust any serious matter to it. I have procured another description of the fortifications and garrisons of Hungary, about which you wrote to me from Bruges, not, indeed, by the aid of Count Ortemberg, but through our common friend Dr. Andreas Paulus, who greets you kindly, and is sorry he had not an opportunity of paying his respects to you at Prague. I will send it to you as soon as I meet with a messenger to whom I can trust it safely.

Languet to Sidney

After your return from the Emperor's court, I asked you if you had released the Baron Slavata from payment of the money which you lent him a year ago; you said no. I concluded, therefore, that payment ought to be demanded of him as you had written to me before, and I wrote to him and said that I was surprised he should so soon lose all recollection of the kindness which you showed him in London. I wrote also to our friend Jordan, and begged him to remind him of his duty. When I wrote thus I thought that his bond was still in the hands of the bookseller at Prague, with whom I had left it when I came away from there; but he has since written me word that he gave it back to you. I should be glad, therefore, to know what you wish to have done in the matter, and whether you think I ought to receive the money of Slavata if he offers it, which, however, I scarcely expect he will do, especially if he discovers that the bond is not in our possession, and therefore that we cannot compel him to pay. I am writing at eleven o'clock at night, and more than half asleep, that I may not delay the boy's departure to-morrow. Farewell.

Frankfort, August 12, 1577.

XLIX

Languet to Sidney

THE poor Belgians seem to have a terrible war-storm hanging over them. I fear it may overwhelm them. Vast numbers of men of all nations are flocking to the standard of Don John; Italians and Spaniards are marching in companies to him out of Italy. Some have been refused by the Bernois a passage through their territory, but they will always find a way open from Savoy into Burgundy, and thence into Lorraine, which borders on the Luxembourg country, where the troops are assembling and will be reviewed, it is said. It is rumoured that the Prince of Parma has already arrived there with a large body of horse. Guise is fortifying the citadel of Bischoff Homberg in that neighbourhood; it is six miles on this side the town of Metz, and is only one day's march from Lauterbourg, where Duke Casimir's quarters are. Guise has troops in those Bishoprics which the French King wrested from the German Empire, and it is supposed that he will take them to join Don John. The French, however, have diligently spread the report that these troops are held in readiness against Duke Casimir. But I do not think it is their interest to challenge Germany to a quarrel at present. I am greatly surprised that the Spaniards are making such efforts to carry on the war, now that win-

Languet to Sidney

ter is so near; but I suppose they are afraid that Orange may strengthen his party during the winter if they give him no employment, or perhaps (as the proceedings of the Spaniards are not always very expeditious) the enterprise which was to have been undertaken in autumn has been put off until later on account of embarrassments in the treasury.

We hear from Vienna that Mathias, the Emperor's brother, attended by a few horsemen, left that place on the night of the fourth of this month. They suppose he is gone into Belgium, because a Belgian who was on a mission from the States to the Emperor has gone away with him. The Emperor does not approve of this proceeding of his brother, or at least will not appear to approve of it, for he has written to the princes to say that he has sent couriers to various places in his dominions to recall him, and begs them not to let him proceed if he comes into their country.

I fear all this is false dealing, and done with the intention that he should go into Belgium, and dissolve by his intrigues the union of the States against Spain, and break down the authority of Orange. None of the Emperor Maximilian's sons has evinced a more amiable character; doubtless he will anticipate John of Austria, and secure the favour of the Queen of Scots. She will prefer a man honourably born, and in the vigour of youth, to the illegitimate libertine. Mathias was

born in 1557, on the twenty-fourth of February, from which day he receives his name. Farewell.

Sidney to Languet

Frankfort, October 22, 1577.

L

Sidney to Languet

MY very dear Languet: Of your three letters which, in that written on the twenty-fourth of August, you affirm that you have sent me, I have received only two. Those, indeed, were full of all kindness and real friendship; but this is nothing new. Do you fancy that you can by this means perform the promise that you so solemnly made about your paying me a visit? That, Master Hubert, would be, indeed, a downright imposition. I am very glad that you are so near Spires, where you may be properly dealt with.

There was a nobleman here a short time since, of the name of de Tamars, with whom I formed an acquaintance, and this the more readily, because he very frequently in my presence made honourable mention of you. So likewise Aldegonde and the Prince himself, when I was staying with his Highness, often said a great deal by which I perceived that you were very dear to him. But why do I tell you these things? Plainly,

Sidney to Languet

to persuade you to visit him, if you can do so with safety, and to come from thence to us. You will there have a most excellent field for putting into practice, in the formation of this new commonwealth, those principles which you have so diligently studied during the whole course of your life. And I hope, indeed, that I shall come over thither, before many weeks have elapsed; for I have a great regard for that Prince, and have perhaps in some way been of more service to him than he is aware of. The leaning of our minds is such at this present time, that (should the wars be continued in Flanders) I am in some hope that the prediction which you formerly uttered respecting me at Vienna, will have a happy fulfillment. The Marquis d'Havre demands assistance, and I think, if occasion so require, he will obtain it. The peace with France in some measure disturbs our Queen; for she thinks she has not been properly treated. You know the reason. For my own part, I consider these things as of little importance; for they will always have both a reason and a disposition to make a rupture, provided only they see any certain ground on which to rest.

I wrote to you a year ago about a certain Frobisher who, in rivalry of Magellan, has explored that sea which he supposes to wash the north part of America. It is a marvellous history. After having made slow progress in the past year, so

as only to pass in the autumn the Feroe isles and an island which he supposes to be Friesland, discovered by the Venetian Zeni, he touched at a certain island for the purpose of recruiting both himself and his crew. And there by chance a young man, one of the ship's company, picked up a piece of earth which he saw glittering on the ground, and showed it to Frobisher; who, being engaged in other matters, and not believing that the precious metals were produced in a region so far to the north, considered it of no value. But he returned home at the beginning of the winter. The young man kept the earth by him, as a memorial of his labour (for he had no thought of anything else), till his return to London. And there, when one of the friends of the young man perceived it shining in an extraordinary manner, he made an assay, and found that it was the purest gold, without any intermixture of other metal. Wherefore Frobisher went back to the place this last spring, under orders to explore that island, and, should it answer his expectation, to proceed no farther. This he has done, and has now returned, bringing his ships, of which he had only three, and those of small size, full laden; and he is said (for they have not yet unloaded) to have brought two hundred tons of ore. He has given it as his decided opinion, that the island is so productive in metals, as to seem very far to surpass the country of Peru, at least

Sidney to Languet

Sidney to Languet

as it now is. There are also six other islands near to this, which seem very little inferior. It is therefore at this time under debate, by what means these our hitherto successful labours can be still carried on in safety against the attacks of other nations, among whom the Spaniards and Danes seem especially to be considered; the former, as claiming all the western parts by right from the Pope; the latter, as being more northerly and therefore nearer; and relying on their possession of Iceland, they are better provided with the means of undertaking this voyage. They are also said to be sufficiently skilled in the art of navigation. I wish, therefore, for the sake of our mutual friendship, that you would send me your opinion on this subject, and at the same time describe the most convenient method of working those ores. You promised that you would send me the laws of Gottenberg. I pray you to do this as soon as possible. Some light may possibly be obtained from them; for we understand this art little better than we do the cultivation of vines. Remember, therefore, so to write, as that you may answer to the great reputation you enjoy among us; for, unless you forbid it, I will show your letter to the Queen. The thing is truly of great importance, and one which may probably, some time or other, be of use to the professors of the true religion. I have written to you three

times on that important affair of mine; so that I think you are satisfied on that score.

I pray you to write to me with all diligence, and I shall perhaps shake off my slothfulness. Send your letter to my friend Freming. For de Taxis has too much worked his swift horses. I am truly sorry for that man's misfortune. My friend Beale is now, I believe, sweetly renewing in your society the advantages of ancient friendship. I love him, and yet I envy him. Our friend Lobetius has been conferring with me about the money which the King of France owes to the free cities of Germany. Here, truly, I perceive the Council are much inclined to oblige the German cities. But, as you know, vous autres François nous devés il y a long temp toute l'Aquitaine et la Normandie, mais vous feres plus tost banqueroutes que les payer, et pourtant nous estimons peu tels debiteurs et moins si mauvais fermiers. I beg you will write me word as to what is the state of your affairs. You very much wrong me if you are not fully persuaded of my entire readiness to serve you by every means in my power. And you must not charge upon me the saying, "Out of sight, out of mind;" for I have never felt any diminution of that ardent affection with which I have always regarded you; it has rather increased from day to day, and it is when absent that I have most of all felt the sweetness

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of your society. But observe what Aristotle says of old men in his Rhetoric; namely, that they are cold in love, and that we are deceiving our own spirits in cultivating friendship, as if they were nothing else but the smoke of youthful ardour. But who, I pray, will now dare to accuse me of laziness, seeing that I have written so long a letter? See that you write me one yet longer in return; for you will have a month at least in which to do it. Farewell, and commend me to the worthy Bain, our friend Lobetius, Clusius, the excellent Jordan, and my Andrew. And so offer my services to Butrech, the best doctor among reisters, and the best reister among doctors (as, if I mistake not, Cicero says of Scævola and Crassus), as the services of one who loves them all, and desires to gratify and be of use to every one of them. Again, my Hubert, farewell. From the Queen's palace, October 1, 1577. Your most loving

Philip Sidney.

I wonder that I have not for a long time heard anything of Wacker. Henry, Baron of Lichtenstein, was here shortly after my return from Germany, to whom I did not show so much courtesy as I ought to have done, having been at that time so much involved in business; and by reason of the absence of my father and uncles, who were then at Bath, I was not prepared to receive him as I could have wished. I pray you, there-

fore, when an opportunity occurs, to make my excuse. He is certainly an excellent young man, and one whom I love from my heart; and whenever any of his friends shall come hither, I will endeavour to atone for my fault. My cousin Greville dutifully salutes you.

Languet to Sidney

LI

Languet to Sidney

SOME one being asked which one of Cicero's orations pleased him most, answered, the longest. By the same law I judge your letters, and therefore I derived the greatest pleasure from that which the Count of Hannau's boy brought to me, although I was very sick when he came. I should run out into commendations of your great diligence had you not anticipated me there, for which I do not blame you, for fear you should arraign me in the court of the Rhetoricians who have ruled that men may relate and extol their own noble deeds, if they have achieved any. But, my good friend, were you not driven to be diligent by mere necessity, to atone for all those Laconisms which you have dealt in these two years? Besides, with what face could you have sent off the boy without a more careful letter than usual, when he was not to come away without your permission? For generally you at-

Languet to Sidney

tribute the brevity of your letters to the urgency of the messengers. See the return I make you for your delightful letter, than which nothing could have pleased me more. But I am not sorry to jest with you, to let you see that I am in a certain degree recovered from a severe sickness, which has so troubled me for a whole month that I was not permitted either to read or write, and that was more distressing to me even than the pain, acute as it was sometimes. Six years ago I suffered for seven months from the very same complaint, and I carry the marks of it still in my face; but then it was the multitude of doctors that ruined me. This time I have escaped more easily, because my danger had made me cautious, and I did not permit them to trifle with my health at their pleasure. I have not yet, however, sufficiently recovered to be able to leave my warm chamber without injury to my health.

If that which you say of your Frobisher is true, he will doubtless eclipse the reputation not only of Magellan, but even of Christopher Columbus himself. Who could have expected that the extreme north would at last supply us with so great incitement to evil? You may now well despise the voyage to the Indies, since you have stumbled on that gift of nature, of all others the most fatal and hurtful to mankind, which, nevertheless, nearly all men desire with so insane a longing, that it is the most powerful of all motives to them to incur

risk. You have lately turned your lands into pastures, and in so doing have not consulted the interests of your country, for you have thinned its population. Your rulers were unwise to permit it, since the surest strength of a country is an abundant population. And now I fear England will be tempted by the thirst for gold, and rush forth in a body to the islands which Frobisher has lately discovered; and how much English blood do you suppose must be spilt in order to keep possession of them? There is not one of all our maritime nations which will not enter the lists against you for them. In old times, when a party of Carthaginians on a voyage in the Atlantic had been carried by a storm to some land or other, and on their return home told marvellous tales of its fruitfulness and its climate, the Senate, fearing the people would be tempted by the description to leave their country and migrate thither, put out of the way the men who brought the report, so that if any of their people should desire to go, they should have no one to guide them.

Languet to Sidney

Do I therefore think that you should reject these good things which God in his mercy offers you, and punish their discoverer? By no means; on the contrary, I very greatly admire the high spirit, the perseverance, and even the good fortune of Frobisher, and consider he deserves great rewards. I have no doubt the first movers of the long and dangerous voyage which he undertook

Languet to Sidney

(whether himself or others) had an eye to the riches which the Spaniards and Portuguese have procured by their great expeditions. Since, therefore, he has hit the mark at which he aimed, who can be so unfair in judging the case as not to think him worthy of the highest credit? But I am thinking of you, for you seem to rejoice in the circumstance, as if it were the best possible thing for your country, especially since last spring I noticed in you a certain wish to undertake an enterprise of this kind. And if the vain hope of finding a passage, which Frobisher entertained, had power then to tempt your mind so greatly, what will not these golden mountains effect, or rather these islands all of gold, which I dare to say stand before your mind's eye day and night? Beware, I entreat you, and do not let the cursed hunger after gold which the poet speaks of, creep over that spirit of yours, into which nothing has hitherto been admitted but the love of goodness and the desire of earning the good-will of all men. You are in error, if you suppose that men naturally grow better as they grow older: the case is very rare. They do, indeed, become more cautious, and learn to conceal their moral faults and their evil affections; but if you know an old man in whom you think there are some remains of honesty, be sure he was a good man in his youth. Whenever, therefore, any feeling new to yourself shall agitate your mind, do not hastily indulge it, even

if the object to which it leads you seems to be a good one; but before you give it entrance, reflect carefully what it is that tempts you. For if you set out on any course hastily, you will be compelled to wheel about, when you find you are going wrong, or (which is not infrequent and is far worse) will refuse through false shame to confess you have gone wrong, and therefore go on with your purpose.

What is the object of all this, you will say. That if these islands have fixed themselves deeply in your thoughts, you may turn them out before they overcome you, and may keep yourself to serve your friends and your country in a better way. But if your desire of fame and glory makes your present inactivity irksome to you, place before you the example of the old Chandoses and Talbots; you will acquire greater honour and glory by following their steps, than if you could obtain all the wealth which the Spaniards have brought over from their new world, on the strength of which they have insulted all the nations of Europe, and so disgusted them with their insolence that they now feel, and perhaps will soon feel still more, that they have erred in their reckoning.

I wish you had told me what is the latitude of these islands; one might from thence have conjectured whether the soil in the neighbourhood was fit for cultivation, and whether it could sup-

Languet to Sidney

ply the necessaries of life, and materials for building. The inhabitants of the arctic circle keep cows and other cattle, and have begun to sow grain. Their cows in summer time give milk much more abundant and more rich than ours. Beyond the seventieth degree of latitude it is rare to find trees that are of use for building; they are so pinched with cold that they cannot grow to any great height. Still, some say that they do grow up in the valleys which are sheltered from the north winds. If the hope of gold of which you have this glimpse does not fail you, it will be necessary for you to fortify a harbour in which your ships may lie. If, however, the country will admit of cultivation, it will be far better to build a town than a fort; for if you had a fort, you would be forced to keep a garrison, which would be a great expense and of little use to the workmen whom you must employ on the veins of gold, whereas the town would supply them the necessaries of life, and these would be brought by traders in hopes of sharing in the gold. The Portuguese experienced the greatest difficulties in the Indies before they colonized Goa, but when that settlement was made, everything went on much more smoothly than before, for they could then buy things at Goa which they had been forced to send for to Spain. Even if these places should be without the other necessaries of life, they would, at any rate, supply you

with great abundance of fish, and if there were any inhabitants, they might make a profit by fishing as we see the Icelanders and Norwegians do, who send a vast quantity of fish, preserved by the frost, into Germany and the neighbouring countries. Languet to Sidney

I do not know whether I shall be able to get the statutes of Gottenberg for which you ask. I will write about it to my friends in Bohemia, although I do not think that they can be of much use to you, since the whole system of mining there is very different from that which you will have to practise. For Gottenberg stands in a highly cultivated district, and the Crown does not work the mines there at its own risk, but they are worked by private persons who pay a tenth to the Crown. I advise you by all means to read the works of Georgius Agricola, on the origin and causes of subterraneous formations and on the working of mines. He was a most eminent philosopher, and far surpassed all who had written on these subjects before him. If his works are not on sale in England, I will send them to you next spring, for they are not to be bought here at present. See how my thoughts are nailed to that gold of yours. I have brought together to this point all this nonsense, to show you that I have the will to write to you, even when I lack matter.

The Elector of Brandenburg was a suitor for the hand of the Princess of whom we spoke as we

Languet to Sidney

walked at the mouth of the Main. But she considered that her word was given to one whom you know of, and so as she had promised her brother, seeing that no answer had arrived from him, she would not transfer her affections to another object; and therefore he has married a daughter of the Prince of Anhalt. I do not know whether you laugh at the prophecy I uttered at Vienna. But I begin to hope I shall not be a false prophet; for things seem to tend to the quarter which I pointed out. It is your business to drive them on: and if you do so, you will do well for the peace and quietness of your country. I am very sorry that you have not received the paper about the garrisons in Hungary. I was unwilling to trust it to the Count of Hannau's servants, fearing they would not take care of it. But when Master Daniel Rogers was going by water from hence to Mayence about the end of our fair, to give his letters to some persons who were going to England, I gave him the paper made up into a roll, together with a letter for you, and begged him to add it to his own parcel of letters, which he afterwards told me he had done. This took place, if I remember aright, on the twenty-third of September. What became of the treatise and my letter afterwards, you may inquire of Master Rogers when he returns to you. If you have not yet received it when you get this letter, I beg you will let me know as soon as possible, that I may apply to

Andreas Paulus to procure me a new copy of it, for its contents seem to me well worth your knowing. I have received Slavata's bond, for which I thank you. I will send it to him with such an eulogy as his folly deserves. Wacker, about whom you appear to be anxious, is at Spires. Dr. Purkircher of Posen died a few days since with almost all his family, of the plague. Our friend Clusius has been deprived of the salary which he received from the Emperor. This is done, no doubt, from dislike of the reformed religion. Are you serious when you say in your last letter that you are likely to come into Germany again? I fear you wish to cajole us with vain hopes, for I dare not expect such good fortune. Whatever you resolve in the matter, I hope it will turn out well and prosperously. Farewell.

Languet to Sidney

Frankfort, November 28, 1577.

LII

Languet to Sidney

TO that long and very delightful letter of yours I replied in such a manner, that I can scarcely doubt you have by this time had enough of my letters; and therefore I must in future beware lest, to satiety, I add disgust. I will try then to be brief, and indeed why should

Languet to Sidney

I write at any length, when these two excellent men, my dearest friends, and your greatest admirers, are coming to you? I mean Master Daniel Rogers, the envoy of your most gracious Queen, and our Equestrian Doctor, to use your expression. For whatever I should write would be but poor matter to you, compared with their agreeable discourse. The objects which draw Butrech to your country, you will learn from himself, and you will learn besides that the illustrious Prince Casimir is full of regard for you, and most desirous to do you pleasure. As I have at present no other subject to write upon, I am going to trifle with you as my custom is, and to write freely about the affairs of Germany. Be assured that not only the Spaniards and the French desire the overthrow of the party in Belgium, which is in arms for the maintenance of their liberty, but some too of the leading princes of Germany are of the same mind, and are ready to profit by any opportunity that may occur. I can easily believe that you English are attentive enough to the plans of the French and Spaniards, and will take very good care that they shall do you no great harm. If, besides this, you bestowed some thought on the Germans, you would be doing a thing not unworthy (as I believe) of your greatness as a nation, and would obtain thereby no little addition to your influence; you would, moreover, be disturbing the intrigues

of the Spaniards and French, whose party in Germany is far from weak, and you would be putting a curb on those Germans who desire to see the Belgians crushed by the Spaniards, and will certainly lend their help for that purpose whenever it shall be asked. Languet to Sidney

I will go on with this babbling as I have begun it: an excellent means of accomplishing the object which I have pointed out, would be to hold to your interests, by a small yearly stipend, a few military officers. For though you could not make use of them to raise troops, still it would lead to a large increase of your influence, and you would be held in higher consideration in Germany than you have been hitherto, and besides, occasions would be sure to arise in which you might thus throw obstacles in the way of the designs of those who seek your ill.

And that these officers might not be, like the single twigs of a broom, unfit for working, and therefore useless to you, I would advise that you should make choice of some person, eminent for character and rank, whose authority, like a band, might tie them together, and who should have control over them by means of a subsidy from you. And to no man would such a command be trusted with more advantage than to the most noble Prince Casimir. Indeed, you well know, without a word from me, that he is the only man in Germany to whom it could be trusted at all;

Languet to Sidney

whether you regard his devotion and respect for her gracious Majesty and your country, or the splendour of his birth, or his age, now in its prime, or his skill and practice in arms, or the favour with which military men regard him.

Frankfort, December 26, 1577.

LIII

Languet to Sidney

THE Sirens of Saxony detained the excellent Master Beale so long, that we were not a little anxious on his account; but he relieved us from our care by returning safe and sound, and made us happy for some days by his agreeable conversation; though certainly a great part of the pleasure we derived from his society, we owe to the wintry gales which delayed his departure. You were not so courteous to us last spring, for you were in such a hurry that you were more like a man running away from his friends, than one who is only hastening home. If you had been speeding to your marriage, we could better have endured to lose you so soon, and indeed some of our party suspected that this was the cause of your haste. I, indeed, did not agree with them, but yet I greatly wonder that you, whom all the world pronounces to have been reared in

the lap of the Graces, should have been able to preserve your freedom so long. Perhaps you have determined to follow the example of your Minerva. See that you do not repent of your purpose when it is too late, and consider how great is their happiness to whom, as they return home (in the words of the poet), Languet to Sidney

Sweet children run to be the first to kiss,
And fill the breast with joy too deep for words.

Take the advice of Master Beale on the matter; he believes that a man cannot live well and happily in celibacy.

I hope Master Rogers and our friend Butrech have long ago reached you safe and sound. Since they left Germany nothing has occurred worth writing to you. Master Beale has met with no small difficulties in going through his appointed task, but by his prudence and dexterity he has so surmounted them, that I hope our churches are saved from the perils which threatened them from the movements of Jacobus Andreas and some other theologians.

On the subject of forming a league, you know what were my sentiments when you mentioned the thing to me at Nuremberg. Those who are only moderately versed in the affairs of Germany, know that it is not an easy task to bring about that which Master Rogers attempted in the first instance with a few princes, and Beale afterwards

Languet to Sidney

with more. You will object to me the league of Smalcalde, which grew together under the hands of your King Henry, and of Francis I of France. But the state of the times was different then. It was easy enough to bring into a league princes who were high-minded men, long practised in war, and who desired it for their own sakes, being fearful of the Emperor Charles, from whom they saw they were in danger, owing to their change of religion. And yet the end of that league was a sorrowful one, and to many of them most disastrous. Wherefore it ought not to astonish anyone, if our princes shrink from proposals of this kind, since they are not conscious of any danger impending over them, and long security has made them fonder of ease than was either Philip the Landgrave or John Frederic the Saxon. Still, even if on this ground the thing has not turned out altogether as you might wish, you have no reason, by any means, to regret the trouble bestowed upon it, since it has added not a little to the reputation of your most gracious Queen in Germany. Is it not deserving of great praise, and ought they not to be thankful to her for testifying that she is so anxious for the safety of the churches and princes who have thrown off the yoke of Popish tyranny, as to invite them to a union of policy and of power for the purpose of meeting the danger, and to offer herself as the leader of the undertaking? I wish from my heart that things may turn out well

for them, but if it should befall them some day to be overpowered by their enemy, for whom they are far from being a match, doubtless they will cry out on their own folly in having let slip this opportunity of providing for their safety. I believe that this troublesome and toilsome journey would not have been made by Master Beale in vain, even if he had done no more than ascertain what are the feelings towards your country of the princes to whom he went: most of whom have declared that they admire and respect the virtues of your most gracious Queen, and wish you all success. You would do well, in my opinion, to send from time to time into Germany, active men, and such as are acquainted with the affairs of this country, to strengthen their good feelings toward you, and to do what they can to conciliate the good-will of others, for in this way the name of the Queen would be made more honourable in Germany, and the princes would be more and more convinced that you are really interested in their welfare, and perchance you might gradually arrive at the league which for the present is past hoping for.

Languet to Sidney

If these hints of mine do not seem to you quite absurd, I advise you to confer with Master Beale about them, for he will be able to explain the subject to you better than anyone else. If I did not know that you appreciate his character, his genius, and manifold experience, I should beg

Languet to Sidney

of you to show him kindness for my sake. But I am sure such a request is unnecessary. I only beg you to be assured that he is one who loves you and feels towards you as he ought, and as I desire he should. You may treat him with the closest intimacy and you shall never repent of it.

May Almighty God grant that in this year, which we have now entered upon, all things prosperous may befall you; may you marry a wife suited to your character, and before the year's end, may she "make you the father of a fair offspring."

Frankfort, January 8, 1578.

LIV

Languet to Sidney

THEY write us word from Antwerp, that the Belgians have learnt a lesson from their misfortunes, and are placing more power than before in the hands of Orange, referring almost every matter to him, and leaving everything connected with the war to his absolute decision, to determine as he shall judge best for the state. If this is true, I am inclined to congratulate them on their late reverse. I never had any hopes that the men who hitherto have had the management of affairs would do rightly,

because they appeared to me not to understand the great peril in which they were placed, and while they would not themselves seek a remedy for their present ills, seemed to hate all who tried to make them take measures for their own safety. Languet to Sidney

The rumour is gaining ground here that your Queen has ordered troops to be sent to the help of the Belgians; it is added that the most noble Earl of Leicester will command the forces that are to go. If this report be true, you have obtained what you so greatly desired, for I doubt not you will have a share in the enterprise. I would not, even if I could, weaken or blunt the edge of your spirit, still I must advise you now and then to reflect that young men who rush into danger incautiously almost always meet an inglorious end, and deprive themselves of the power of serving their country; for a man who falls at an early age cannot have done much for his country. Let not, therefore, an excessive desire of fame hurry you out of your course; and be sure you do not give the glorious name of courage to a fault which only seems to have something in common with it. It is the misfortune, or rather the folly, of our age, that most men of high birth think it more honourable to do the work of a soldier than of a leader, and would rather earn a name for boldness than for judgement. Hence in our countries we can scarcely find a veteran commander; and this is owing sim-

Languet to Sidney

ply to our rashness. The Spaniards alone are free from this species of madness, and therefore they possess generals of the utmost experience in the art of war, who effect far more by genius than by strength, as is plain enough from what they have done in Belgium during these last ten years, to mention only such things as have happened in your time and in your recollection. I have this day received a letter from the Emperor's court, from which I learn that Ismael, the King of Persia, is dead, and therefore they suppose that Amurath, the Sultan, will give up the expedition he was preparing against him. This will be no good news either for the Emperor's people, or for the Spaniards who are still treating for a peace at Constantinople. Farewell, and at least write me word that you are alive and well.

Frankfort, February 15, 1578.

LV

Languet to Sidney

YOUR last letter was written in the month of October. Our friend Butrech, in his letters to me, proclaims in the highest terms the courtesy and liberality you have shown towards him; and so do the others who write to me. This gives me the greatest pleasure, for

I desire nothing so much as to see you excelling everyone else in goodness. I set it down to my ill fortune, that you write to me no more. I cannot persuade myself that your feelings towards me are changed. Languet to Sidney

All the world here is intently watching the result of affairs in Belgium. The victory of the Spaniards has not produced them so much advantage as we feared it would, for we were afraid some of the chief towns would go over to them. It was almost necessary that the Belgians should suffer some reverse, to reprove them for their folly. They are now more diligent than ever before, in preparing such things as are necessary for the war, and in fortifying their cities; and it is no small gain that they have given up the conduct of the war to the Prince of Orange. Duke Eric of Brunswick is leading to John of Austria, three thousand horse which will be reviewed in a few days in the Bishopric of Münster. Gunther, Count Schwartzburg, and Christopher, Baron of Tautenberg, have raised for the States four thousand horse, a part of which is said to have just crossed the Rhine. You are aware of the negotiation which is going on with the most noble Prince John Casimir. If the Belgians shall be able to protract the war through the summer, they will reduce the Spaniards to a great strait. The Emperor is very desirous to bring the matter to a peaceful settlement, but he will find it

Languet to Sidney

a difficult business. With a view to gain the confidence of the Belgians, he is pretending that he greatly disapproves of the designs of the Spaniards, and now declares that it was by his advice that his brother Mathias went into Belgium. I cannot see how he can safely say this, since hitherto he has steadily persisted in denying it, and pretended to be very angry with those who had assisted him in his departure. The Pope will never suffer the religious question to be arranged on any such terms as shall at all lessen his authority: and in this he will be strongly supported by the Spanish Inquisition, and therefore it will be in vain to treat about peace. I cannot understand why the French who are serving with John of Austria, are going back into France. Perhaps my countrymen are beginning to be tired of peace, or are afraid the Belgians or Spaniards will rob them of the prize for folly, or rather madness.

The Poles have just held their Diet at Warsaw, in which they consulted about the Muscovite war, for the Muscovite last summer took possession of nearly all Livonia, and is now said to be threatening Lithuania. After long discussions, I hear they at last passed a decree to raise two millions of ducats for the war. Those who know much of the affairs of that country believe there is not so much money in all Poland. In this Diet greater liberty has been granted to those who profess the reformed religion than they ever had

before. In the mean time, however, while the Poles in their Diet are wasting time with their discussions, the Tartars have invaded Volhynia, Podolia, and Russia, with three armies, and ravaged them dreadfully. Each army is said to have consisted of twenty thousand horse. Their pretext for this invasion is, that the money which the Poles have always paid them annually has not been paid now for some years. The King of Poland was in error, because he thought he could keep them quiet, through the influence of the Turks. It is said the Muscovite moved them to it by giving them money, and that had greater force with these barbarians than the authority of the Porte.

Two or three months ago, a Polish nobleman, whose name does not now occur to me, attended only by three hundred men from the troops which are generally outlying on the Tartar frontier, and are called Cossacks, made himself master of Moldavia and drove out Peter, who had been established there as Waiwode by the Turks, after the death of Ivan. The Turks complained to the King of Poland of this proceeding, and he sent troops from Transylvania and Russia into Moldavia, and had the new Waiwode put in chains and brought a prisoner into Poland. Thus, by the prudent conduct of the King, this disturbance was settled without bloodshed. Peter, whose brother is Waiwode of Lesser Wallachia, has been restored to his dominions. What a change

Languet to Sidney

is this! Three hundred Poles were sufficient to drive a prince out of Moldavia, and in that same country a hundred years ago, reigned Stephen, who won many great battles of Mahomet, the Sultan; Mathias, King of Hungary; John Albert, King of Poland; and the Tartars of Procopia.

Everyone praises most highly the wisdom and moderation of Bathori, the King of Poland. I am glad that we have in Christendom at least one king who possesses some goodness. The Poles are ill pleased that the Germans speak so highly of him. I heard of him from Dr. Andreas Paulus, who was present at the pacification of Dantzic to represent the Elector of Saxony, and when he came back into Germany, the Elector ordered him to return immediately into Poland with George Frederick, Marquis of Brandenburg, who has received from the King of Poland the investiture of the Duchy of Prussia.

I send to you the works on German affairs, as you requested me. I have given them, made up into three parcels, to Ascanius de Remalme, a London bookseller, whom you must pay for the carriage. Write me word what other books you wish to have. I send you also the treatise on the defence of Hungary, which I had sent to you once before. I wish you all good success.

Frankfort, the last day of March, 1578.

I commend to you particularly Master John Raphael, a pious, wise, and sensible man, who will give you this letter, and to whom I beg you will show some attention. Sidney to Languet

LVI

Sidney to Languet

MY very dear Hubert! Robert Beale and Rogers and your friend Butrech arrived here together, with your most wished-for letters; so that I seemed to myself both to hear and see you at the same time, to my exceeding delight. You sharply accuse me of slothfulness, and in the mean time fall into the same fault, nay, a far greater, inasmuch as I am always made better by your letters, while mine must of necessity grate upon your ears to no purpose. The use of the pen, as you may perceive, has plainly fallen from me; and my mind itself, if it was ever active in anything, is now beginning, by reason of my indolent ease, imperceptibly to lose its strength, and to relax without any reluctance. For to what purpose should our thoughts be directed to various kinds of knowledge, unless room be afforded for putting it into practice, so that public advantage may be the result, which in a corrupt age we cannot hope for? Who would learn music except for the sake of giving plea-

Sidney to Languet

sure, or architecture except with a view to building? But the mind itself, you will say, that particle of the Divine Mind, is cultivated in this manner. This indeed, if we allow it to be the case, is a very great advantage: but let us see whether we are not giving a beautiful but false appearance to our splendid errors. For while the mind is thus, as it were, drawn out of itself, it cannot turn its powers inward for thorough self-examination; to which employment no labour that men can undertake is any way to be compared. Do you not see that I am cleverly playing the stoic? Yea, and I shall be a cynic too, unless you reclaim me. Wherefore, if you please, prepare yourself to attack me. I have now pointed out the field of battle, and I openly declare war against you.

But I wonder, my very dear Hubert, what has come into your mind, that, when I have not as yet done anything worthy of me, you would have me bound in the chains of matrimony; and yet without pointing out any individual lady, but rather seeming to extol the state itself, which, however, you have not as yet sanctioned by your own example. Respecting her, of whom I readily acknowledge how unworthy I am, I have written you my reasons long since, briefly indeed, but yet as well as I was able. At this present time, indeed, I believe you have entertained some other notion; which I earnestly entreat you

to acquaint me with, whatever it may be: for everything that comes from you has great weight with me; and so speak candidly. I am in some measure doubting whether someone, more suspicious than wise, has not whispered to you something unfavourable concerning me, which, though you did not give entire credit to it, you nevertheless prudently, and as a friend, thought right to suggest for my consideration. Should this have been the case, I entreat you to state the matter to me in plain terms, that I may be able to acquit myself before you, of whose good opinion I am most desirous: and should it prove to have been only a joke, or a piece of friendly advice, I pray you nevertheless to let me know; since everything from you will always be no less acceptable to me than the things that I hold most dear.

There is no news here, except that it is a novel and almost unheard-of circumstance in government, that nothing novel has occurred. Frobisher's gold is now melted, and does not turn out so valuable as he at first boasted. However, these islands at the sixty-second degree are not to be despised; but they keep this as a great secret, lest, as you know, the opportunity be forestalled. Nay more, they expect to be able to cross the sea at the same latitude; so incorrect is the description of the world as given by cosmographers. But if there should be open sea at such a temperature, you perceive it will be of great importance.

Sidney to Languet

I believe the Queen will do what you wrote to me about, for the sake of Prince Casimir; but I was loth at this present time to say much upon that subject, as I know it is our disposition not to do anything in a hurry. What else can I now write to you, when I am so very sleepy, except that I love you as my own heart, and that I desire nothing more earnestly than that I may some time be able to prove it? My friend Greville salutes you. Humbly salute in my name the Count and Countess of Hannau, and write to me how they like the dogs I sent them. I have now written to Lobetius, Banosius, Andrew, Anselm, Merell. Am I then lazy? I pray you to salute Clusius, and tell Master Salvart that I am greatly indebted to him for the book he sent me translated into French. When it was put into my hands, I was exceedingly busy; but I will some time show myself deserving of his courtesy. Salute also Master Glauburg, whom I will willingly oblige. Farewell, my dearest Languet. March 1, 1578. Yours,

Philip Sidney.

I will show Beale every friendly office in my power, both for his own deservings, and especially for your recommendation of him.

LVII

Sidney to Languet

MY very dear Hubert! I wrote you by our friend Butrech what then came into my mind. I have now written to you by Master Rogers, rather that I may not omit any opportunity of saluting you, than because anything here offers itself worthy even of a thought. We have so failed in satisfying Butrech, that I believe, unless his kindness prevent it, we shall have a bad character in Germany. And yet, to speak candidly and confidentially, they did not appear to manage your affairs with much firmness, while the Prince of Orange seemed to aim at one thing, and the illustrious Casimir at another. And from this the Queen has taken occasion to defend her tardiness in executing her designs, against Leicester, Walsingham, and others, who had persuaded her to a more active course; which I much regret. My friend Du Plessis will, I believe, shortly quit us, without being able to obtain what would have been most advantageous to a Christian government. For my own part, unless God powerfully counteract it, I seem to myself to see our cause withering away, and am now meditating with myself some Indian project. The Queen is your friend, as I hope you will learn in a short time; meanwhile I would have you love me affection-

Languet to Sidney

ately, as you are wont, and commend me to all our common friends. From court, March 10, 1578.

Yours,

Philip Sidney.

I have received Schuendi's treatise from the Count of Hannau; I have not yet heard from yourself. I pray you to love my friend Rogers more and more for my sake.

LVIII

Languet to Sidney

I DO not so much wonder that you are remiss in writing, as that you venture to charge me with remissness; me, who for one letter of yours sometimes pay you five or six of my own. Is it not an insult, or at least a mockery of me, that while you have written to me but one letter since last October, you nevertheless in that letter complain that it is too much leisure that makes you neglectful? Oh, happy ye, who may complain of too much leisure! I pray you may long be able to do so. But most men of high birth are possessed with this madness, that they long after a reputation founded on bloodshed, and believe there is no glory for them except that which is connected with the destruction of mankind. Ought not you, adorned as you are

by Providence with all those splendid gifts of the mind, to feel otherwise than men feel, who are buried in the most profound shades of ignorance, and think that all human excellence consists in physical strength? And yet, let them be never so strong, in this respect they are inferior to many of the brutes. Make use, then, of that particle of the Divine Mind (as you beautifully express it) which you possess, for the preservation and not the destruction of men. And do not fear that you will rust away for want of work, if only you are willing to exert your powers. For in so large a kingdom as England, there must always be opportunities for the exercise of your genius, so that many may derive advantage from your labours. And be assured that approbation and honour are the wages of goodness, and never fail to be duly paid. If you marry a wife, and if you beget children like yourself, you will be doing better service to your country than if you could cut the throats of a thousand Spaniards or Frenchmen.

Languet to Sidney

When the question was raised in Cambyses' presence at a banquet, whether he or his father Cyrus was the better prince, all the company, in fear of the tyrant's cruelty, pronounced him far superior to his father. But when it came Crœsus' turn to speak, he said, "Sir, I consider that your father must be held to be your better, because he was the father of an admirable prince, whereas

Languet to Sidney

you have as yet no son like yourself." You see I am not endeavouring, as you say, to cover faults with a splendid and specious colouring, nor am I recommending to you ease and idleness, at least if you believe the poet who advises any man that wishes plenty of trouble, to get him a wife.

In the letter which I sent you by Master Beale, I jested about marriage in general, and the thought was suggested to me by the conversation of Beale, who often used to launch out into the praises of matrimony when he was with us. You recollect whither you went when I last parted from you; you then excited some suspicion in the minds of the persons in whose name I had made you the proposal at the mouth of the Main; for they were convinced that you had some object in view with reference to the individual whose sagacity you have often heard me commend, and that you repented of the answer which you had given me. I had considerable trouble before I could remove these suspicions, especially as they said they were certainly informed, and as you gave no answer for several months to my proposal. And indeed, if I had not been thoroughly confident in your sincerity, the letter you wrote me from Bruges in which you said, that you foresaw it would not be easy to obtain from your friends that which you said you desired, and therefore asked me to prepare

the way for your excuses, would have roused some misgivings in me.

While I was writing the above, I received the letter which you gave Master Rogers for me. If I had gotten it an hour sooner, I should not have accused you so harshly of indolence, but I do not choose to alter what I have written, especially as I believe it is true. But what do you mean by this: "You do not seem to manage your affairs with much firmness"? You are mistaken if you suppose that I have anything to do with that plan. You recollect it was a very different matter which I requested you to look after, and that no fault could be found either with the Prince of Orange or anyone else of our party. I know that the Belgians had no need of so large a force, and I fear they will meet with the fate of a man who, drinking cold water in a fever, feels a slight refreshment for a short time, and then his fever rages far more fiercely than if he had not drunk at all. When foreign troops come into Belgium in such numbers, it will be a relief to the people to find that the ravages of the Spaniards are stopped by them; but when they shall find their lands plundered quite as greedily by men who are paid with their money (or yours, as the case may be) as by the Spaniards, and that they are exhausted by perpetual contributions to pay the wages of such men, they will begin

Languet to Sidney

to think the remedy worse than the disease. I am persuaded that no success is to be hoped for in that war, if any departure is made from the opinions and plans of Orange. Take care that no one besides yourself sees that I write thus. In haste, farewell.

Frankfort, May 2, 1578.

LIX

Languet to Sidney

I WAS fearful before, that the ardour of youth might suggest to you some rash project, and your destiny snatch you from your country and your friends, by an inglorious end; for I heard something about distant voyages, and service in Belgium, which made me anxious. But now that you are no longer your own master, and that your new honours have so tied you to your country that you must henceforth consult its advantage rather than your own inclination, I am to a certain extent relieved of the anxiety which troubled me. Not that I think you less liable to danger than before, but because the perils which you will have to undergo for your country must bring you honour and praise. I congratulate you, therefore, on the distinction which your wise sovereign has conferred upon you,

only to excite you to the farther pursuit of virtue; and I pray Almighty God to be with you always, and so to rule your ways that you may be useful to your country and to your friends and deserve their love; and that your gracious Queen may have reason to rejoice that she has formed so good an opinion of you. People are always passing between Belgium and England who can tell you the news from thence; and therefore I shall not say anything on the subject. His Excellency Prince Casimir passed through this place (on his way to Belgium) the twenty-ninth of last month.

Cologne, where I hope to remain during the summer, July 16, 1578.

LX

Languet to Sidney

I AM glad to see in Belgium that success which I have long desired and I may say hoped; when idolatry was abolished, it was not easy for the Spaniards to maintain the despotism they desired. As far as England is concerned, you have, indeed, looked upon this nation, your near neighbour and ancient ally, as deserving your sympathy, and have offered it many friendly services, yet not to such extent as to redeem it from the dreadful bondage under which it was op-

Languet to Sidney

pressed. I do not say this to detract from the credit and honour of England, for your conduct in this affair will bring you everlasting glory, but to show you that all this has proceeded directly from the Providence of God, and contrary to our calculations. Germany, after her own fashion, looks on idly at the tragedies which are being acted in the neighbouring countries, and from the misfortunes of others reaps her own advantage. The Emperor has now been appointed to settle terms of peace for Belgium. I hope he may exercise his arbitration to the good of each party. I hear he has determined to decide the matter through the neighbouring bishops. I doubt whether this is wise; I fear the Spaniards are not in earnest about all this, and will want the arbiters to do everything at their bidding. It were better for them to meet in time the danger which threatens them from the Moors, than to be thus eager for the destruction of the Belgians; for the arrogance of the Moors will be greatly increased by the success which they have obtained against the Portuguese, on whom it is said they have inflicted a cruel defeat, and the Spaniards must not suppose that they can afford to despise an enemy so near them, and backed by the alliance and protection of the Turk. For my own part, I have my fears that within a few years we shall see the Turkish and Moorish pirates

cruising in the Atlantic and the Bay of Biscay, ravaging the coasts of Spain and France, and perhaps even of Ireland and the western part of England.

Frankfort, September 20, 1578.

LXI

Languet to Sidney

IF you had come into Belgium (and Butrech repeatedly wrote me word that you were going to do so), I should have hastened to meet you. But though it would have been most delightful to me to see you, I should not altogether have rejoiced that you should come to a set of men with whom you could not live with any satisfaction, and where nothing could have given you pleasure except the friendship of Prince Casimir, who without doubt would have paid you every attention. But it would have been poor enjoyment for you to live in a camp in which you would have seen no bright examples of virtue, no signs of military discipline; only troops disobeying their leaders, and perpetually pretending the backwardness of their paymaster as a cover for their own insolence, or it may be, cowardice.

There are other reasons too, besides those which

Languet to Sidney

you mention in your letter, which might well keep you from this expedition. Lucan makes Cæsar say,

> Brutus, there is no blacker crime than civil war,

and Cicero says, that no war is just which is not necessary. Now although the Belgians have just cause to defend their liberty by arms against the tyranny of the Spaniards, this is nothing to you. If indeed your Queen had been bound by her treaty to send them troops, and had commanded you to go with these troops, then the obligation to obey her who is your ruler would have made those your enemies who are attacking the Belgian states. But you, out of mere love of fame and honour, and to have an opportunity of displaying your courage, determined to regard as your enemies those who appeared to be doing the wrong in this war. It is not your business, nor any private person's, to pass a judgement on a question of this kind; it belongs to the magistrate. I mean by magistrate the prince, who, whenever a question of the sort is to be determined, calls to his council those whom he believes to be just men and wise. You and your fellows, I mean men of noble birth, consider that nothing brings you more honour than wholesale slaughter; and you are generally guilty of the greatest injustice, for if you kill a man against whom you have no lawful cause of war, you are killing an innocent per-

son. The ancients, though they knew nothing of the true God, were strictly religious in this matter. Cato the elder wrote to his son on his going to Spain, and charged him not to use his sword until he had taken the oath to the commander of the army, for that as a just man, he could not do it before. And we read of a Lacedæmonian in battle, who had actually poised his weapon to kill his enemy, when he heard the trumpet sound a retreat, and drew back his hand, considering that he had no longer a right to kill the man. But this age of ours has lost all honourable discipline, and laughs at such things. It has even suffered the law of heralds to fall into disuse, which the French and English nations in ancient days observed most strictly. . . . I am especially sorry to hear you say that you are weary of the life to which I have no doubt God has called you, and desire to fly from the light of your court and betake yourself to the privacy of secluded places to escape the tempest of affairs by which statesmen are generally harassed; so much so, indeed, that they often forget they are but mortals, and the last thing they think of is, what will befall them after this life. I confess that in the splendour of a court, there are so many temptations to vice that it is very hard for a man to hold himself unspotted by them, and keep his feet on so slippery ground. But you must stand firm on your principle and strength of mind against

Languet to Sidney

these difficulties, knowing that the harder the conflict the greater the glory of a triumph. . . . I hear that his Excellency Prince John Casimir is gone to Ghent. I hope he will form no separate agreement with those people; they are always actuated by blind impulse, and never show the least moderation in their proceedings. The death of John of Austria will undoubtedly be a heavy blow to the Spanish cause. The King of Spain will not find it easy to supply his place with a man who will hold the troops in hand so well as he did. The memory of his father, his own engaging manners, and the successes of his early youth, obtained him the good-will of the army and great influence over them. His men have endured great hardships all through this summer, and yet they never showed signs of insubordination. Although I should have wished that all his plans in Belgium might fail, still nature forced me to feel sorrow when I heard of his death, while I reflected that he had done much good service to Christendom, that he was not to blame for the misfortunes which the Belgians have to struggle with, and that if he has acted at all wrongly, he did it under orders from others. There are various rumours about the manner of his death.

The person who sent you my letter and wrote you word that he was my friend, I suppose to be George Gylpin, Secretary to the English com-

pany of merchants at Antwerp; a good man, whose friendship I obtained last summer. You can very well send your letters to him whenever you are inclined to write to me. He is a friend of Master Rogers. Farewell.

Languet to Sidney

Cologne, October 22, 1578.

LXII

Languet to Sidney

I CANNOT think by what ill luck it fell out, that I had no opportunity of taking leave of yourself and Master Dyer, though in truth I had nothing for you but tears and sighs. Yet I am sorry that I could not let you see even tears and sighs, as pledges of my great regard for you; but it was not my fault, for our party was hastening away, as if they were taking leave of enemies, not of friends, and I should have given great offence, if I alone had behaved with common sense, instead of being mad with the rest. As it was, I did not make such speed, but that before I crossed the river which flows by Sandwich, all the horses which were to have conveyed us were gone, and had not Sir Hales had compassion on me and lent me his servant's horse, I must have returned to the town. When we reached the Foreland of Kent, though the

Languet to Sidney

wind was not quite favourable, I persisted in urging my friends to embark, until they consented, that we might not any longer trespass on the politeness of your noble father. We had not a very prosperous voyage, as good Master Greville will tell you, whom in the course of our journey I discovered to be a great admirer of your character, and strongly attached to you.

Your brother has continued in perfect health. I consider his natural disposition to be excellent, but I still think you have not taken such care as you ought, of his education. You have now given him so much liberty, that it is not every one who will find it an easy task to hold him in command. If Wacker is on the Rhine, I will try to persuade him to take charge of your brother; but if I cannot prevail upon him, or if he should be absent, I will take the advice of Lobetius and Sturmius and choose some person who shall seem fit to superintend his education.

I beg you to commend me to your most illustrious father. I know not how I shall repay him for all his kindness to me; and greet also the excellent Master Dyer, whose friendship is like a precious gem added to my store.

Flushing, February 27, 1579.

LXIII

Languet to Sidney

YOUR brother is very well, and shows great readiness of understanding. I have taken care that he should make the acquaintance, and prepare a way to the friendship, of such persons here as I considered eminent for their character. The Prince of Orange and La Noue especially welcomed him; and La Noue, who is full of courtesy, showed him every attention yesterday as long as we were in the citadel. Your letters gave great pleasure to La Noue and the Prince; both of them thanked me warmly for what I have done towards gaining them your good-will. I have no doubt they will show you in their letters how well pleased they are. I cannot enough admire the wisdom of the Prince and the calmness with which he supports such a mass of work and endures so many wrongs, for which he often repays kindness, as in our case. I beseech you mark well his virtues, and do not let yourself be deterred from cultivating his friendship by his fortunes, which, however, will, I trust, look brighter. We have been compelled to put off our departure till to-morrow, that we may procure a supply of money; for Henry White did not tell me till it was too late, that he could get none

Languet to Sidney

from the person to whom he had a letter. Farewell.

Antwerp, March 16, 1579.

The Spaniards are besieging Maestricht.

LXIV

Languet to Sidney

AS I was on the point of leaving Frankfort, I wrote to you to say that I had at length received payment of the money which you had lent to his Excellency Prince Casimir on his departure from England. On our way from Frankfort hither, we turned off to Neustadt to pay our respects to the Prince, for he had made your brother promise him this when he was in Zealand. We stayed there only one day, and arrived here by God's mercy, safe and sound, on the twenty-eighth of last month. Immediately on our arrival I consulted Dr. Lobetius about quarters for your brother, and about finding him a tutor; and I had before written to Lobetius on these points, so that we might not find him altogether unacquainted with our circumstances. It seems to have happened most opportunely for us, that a few days before we came to this place, some young gentlemen went away from Master Sturmius, who have been living with him for

some years. Therefore Dr. Lobetius and I, believing that it would be a respectable arrangement, and also profitable to your brother, to live with him, proposed it to him; and on the ground of the friendship which has many years existed between us, we easily gained his consent. Languet to Sidney

The subject of a tutor was not so easy. This has detained me here six or seven days, and as we could find no one here who satisfied us in all points, we have engaged a young man from Silesia, who was educated at Heidelberg under Dr. Zacharias Ursinus, and who was afterwards a teacher in the school at Neuhausen near Worms, founded by the Elector Palatine, Frederick, of pious memory, and now suppressed by his son. We have engaged him on condition that we may dismiss him at the end of five months, if we please; so that in the mean time we may look out for another more fit. How this person is qualified for the duties we require of him, Sturmius and Lobetius will write me shortly. We have agreed to give him as the hire of his services, or his stipend as it is called, three Spanish crowns or five German florins a month, beside board and lodging, which is so small a salary that he will scarcely be able to procure his necessary clothing. Master Sturmius is to receive ten thalers a week for their food and lodging. This is the sum which was paid by those who lived with him before your brother. He might live somewhat

Languet to Sidney

cheaper with a common citizen; but neither his meals nor his rooms would be so good; and as the townspeople are wont to admit many boarders to the same table, and have no control over them, it happens sometimes that disputes arise among them; and strangers are always more liable to be insulted than natives of the place, especially in these parts. And so it is better that he should live with a man whose authority is respected by his guests, and in whose presence they do not venture to act in an indecorous or uncivil manner. About your brother's studies, and the means of diminishing the expense he puts you to, I will write more particularly at another time. His disposition pleases me more and more, and I am very glad that there are no Englishmen here except himself and his servants. There is a Scotchman who has the charge of the sons of M. Andelot by his second marriage. If he were away, I should not grieve much. I am now going to visit Schuendi, who has sent several letters to invite me.

Strasburg, May 4, 1579.

LXV

Languet to Sidney

I AM very anxious about your brother. The tutor with whom I placed him five months ago, by the advice of Sturmius and Lobetius, is now about to leave him. I think it necessary that he should have some learned man near him, to teach him and to direct him with his advice. He has with him Henry White, and is used to him, and will always prefer him to any tutor. I think highly of Henry, and consider him a steady person, modest and sensible, and one who may be useful to you in many ways; still I do not think him a fit person to manage your brother's youth; for, as he knows no language well enough to converse easily with foreigners, he avoids their company, and that is a great disadvantage to your brother, who, unless he enjoys the intimate acquaintance of Germans, will never rightly understand the language, and will return to you wholly ignorant of the affairs of Germany. He speaks English when he is at home with his own people, so Dr. Lobetius writes me word.

You have often complained to me that the time you passed at Strasburg was almost thrown away, and yet if you had set about it rightly at the first, it would have been easy for you, with your ready apprehension and good memory, to add the German language to your other accom-

Languet to Sidney

plishments. You must take care your brother does not strike on the same rock, and as he is not old enough to consult his own interests, you must take the matter in hand for him.

Cologne, September 24, 1579.

LXVI

Languet to Sidney

BEFORE my departure from Cologne, I delivered a letter for you to Ascanius, a London bookseller, which I suppose you have received. On my arrival here, I found our friend Clusius prepared for a journey which I delayed for a day or two, that I might hear from him all about your affairs. From your letter as well as from his mouth, I was informed of the dispute between you and the Earl of Oxford, which gave me great pain. I am aware that by a habit inveterate in all Christendom, a nobleman is disgraced if he does not resent such an insult; still, I think you were unfortunate to be drawn into this contention, although I see that no blame is to be attached to you for it. You can derive no true honour from it, even if it gave you occasion to display to the world your constancy and courage. You want another stage for your character, and I wish you had chosen it in this part of the world.

Since your adversary has attached himself to Anjou's party, if your wooer shall return to you with a crowd of French noblemen about him, you must be on your guard, for you know the fiery nature of my countrymen. I am glad your Henry White has returned to you, and I wish you had many more like him, for I consider him to be both a bold and a modest man. And I fear you will be forced to procure the attendance of men whose characters you will not approve. I pray Almighty God to preserve you in safety, and not to let you stray from the good path which hitherto you have trodden so steadfastly.

Languet to Sidney

Antwerp, October 14, 1579.

LXVII

Languet to Sidney

FROM the letter which I gave Henry White for you, you will have learnt that I received yours, in which you mention the dispute between yourself and the Earl of Oxford. Someone has written on the same subject to his Excellency Prince John Casimir, for he wrote to me the other day that it had given him great pain. He begs you to consider whether he can do anything to assist you, for he assures you that you shall not want his good offices. . . . In the matter on which

Languet to Sidney

you ask my opinion I reply thus: I do not believe there is among the great men in Christendom a wiser man than the Prince of Orange. In La Noue many excellencies contend for preëminence, besides which he possesses such skill in the art of war, that the Prince himself and all the men of understanding here consider him the pillar of their party. The other day when he wished to go into France, promising nevertheless to return in a few months, they besought him earnestly not to go, saying that his presence was absolutely necessary; and though, as he assured me, he could not give up the journey without great inconvenience to his private affairs, he preferred the public advantage to his own, and was persuaded to remain. He is now sent with a command into Flanders. There are many captains and colonels here, English, Scots, French, and Belgians, who are accounted brave men and good soldiers, but they cannot be associated in La Noue's absence, for there is not a man among them who will serve under any of the rest; all of them obey La Noue gladly. The friendship and intimacy of these two men, of whom I speak thus highly, will be already prepared for you if you come hither. They both love you and esteem you greatly.

Now I will treat you frankly, as I am accustomed to do, for I am sure our friendship has reached a mark at which neither of us can be

offended at any freedom of the other. It was a delight to me last winter to see you high in favour and enjoying the esteem of all your countrymen; but to speak plainly, the habits of your court seemed to me somewhat less manly than I could have wished, and most of your noblemen appeared to me to seek for a reputation more by a kind of affected courtesy than by those virtues which are wholesome to the state, and which are most becoming to generous spirits and to men of high birth. I was sorry, therefore, and so were other friends of yours, to see you wasting the flower of your life on such things, and I feared lest that noble nature of yours should be dulled, and lest from habit you should be brought to take pleasure in pursuits which only enervate the mind.

Languet to Sidney

If the arrogance and insolence of Oxford have roused you from your trance, he has done you less wrong than they who have hitherto been more indulgent to you. But I return to my subject. Before you decide on anything, consider carefully what is best for your interest; for when you have decided, you must carry it out steadily. You know that last year you gave some persons a hope that you were coming into this country; and though it was no fault of yours that you did not come, still if the same thing should happen again, many persons will feel that there is a want of constancy in you, and it would avail you little

Languet to Sidney

that you should not be in fault; therefore you must be careful in this matter. If your absence from home is not inconvenient to your noble father and your other friends, you will do well, as far as I can judge, to come. I do not reckon as an inconvenience the pain they will feel at your absence by reason of the great love they bear you. For I hope that you will gain experience and information, and return to them so high in reputation, that they will then rejoice at your having left them, and altogether approve your present plan. . . . As soon as you have determined on your proceedings, if you will let me know, I will do my best that you may not be here as a volunteer, but may hold some station worthy of you; and I suspect I am far from being an object of dislike to some who have influence here. I should think the command of a wing or squadron of horse would suit you at first, that so you might be able to repay in some sort the attendance of the poorer friends who shall accompany you, and your other dependents. You would have to make choice of a skilful lieutenant or deputy commander; but you would soon be able to learn the duties of your position from La Noue. Your countryman, Norris, cultivates him greatly, and is nearly always at his side, which adds much to his authority.

Antwerp, November 14, 1579.

LXVIII

Languet to Sidney

VILLERS gave your letter to the Prince as he was going to bed; he read it, and said there was nothing he would not do for you. He is now gone into Holland, so that we can do no more with him at present. In the mean time reflect about your own affairs, and be sure to write what you wish us to do for you. You need not fear the coming of Alençon into this country: if he comes at all, it will hardly be before autumn; and if you should follow the camp only for a few months, you would derive great advantage from it, especially if you should improve your acquaintance with La Noue. For as you are thoroughly well read in history, you will learn the military system of our day far more quickly than those who are ill acquainted with it.

I admire your courage in freely admonishing the Queen and your countrymen of that which is to the state's advantage. But you must take care not to go so far that the unpopularity of your conduct be more than you can bear. Old men generally make an unfair estimate of the character of the young, because they think it a disgrace to be outdone by them in counsel. Reflect that you may possibly be deserted by most of those who now think with you. For I do not doubt there will be many who will run to the safe side

Languet to Sidney

of the vessel, when they find you are unsuccessful in resisting the Queen's will, or that she is seriously offended at your opposition. . . . I advise you to persevere as long as you can do anything that may benefit your country; but when you find that your opposition only draws on you dislike and aversion, and that neither your country, your friends, nor yourself, derive any advantage from it, I advise you to give way to necessity, and reserve yourself for better times; for time itself will bring you occasions and means of serving your country. Remember what Queen Mary, after King Edward's death, was enabled to effect, though at the first she had very few adherents, and your countrymen were then much more practised in war than they are now. The party and influence of Anjou is on the increase here, and if you should annoy him by your opposition in England, you will scarcely find a reception here, much less in France. Your religion shuts you out of Spain and Italy, and so Germany would be your only refuge if you were compelled to leave your country. I have written to you what I think of this marriage. I am still of the same mind.

Antwerp, January 30, 1580.

LXIX

Languet to Sidney

DR. LOBETIUS, before he left Strasburg, wrote me word, that he feared if Duke Casimir made his expedition into France, your brother would join him. This suspicion was suggested to him, from seeing that he made very anxious enquiries of everyone he met, if they had any news on that head. This must be prevented without delay, if he really has the intention, for it would be certain destruction to him. . . . I will write on the subject to Butrech, and also to his Excellency Prince Casimir himself, if I shall find that our young friend is meditating anything of the kind. It would seem to me a good plan that you should send him at once to Leipsic, for he will learn German more easily there than at Strasburg; he will be separated from Englishmen, and will live at less expense. The departure of Lobetius makes me less desirous that he should stay at Strasburg. You should make these arrangements at the time of the Frankfort fair, which is just coming on. At any rate, you must soon come to some determination about sending him a supply of money.

Nothing of any importance is going on here at present, owing to the absence of the Prince of Orange. The Archduke Mathias has returned hither from Dort. The malcontents are not alto-

Languet to Sidney

gether of one mind. Some advise that the aid of the Spaniards should be requested; but the nobles who have before their eyes the execution of Egmont, are altogether averse to the Spaniards. The Swedes have broken up from the siege of Narva, and two thousand of them have been slain by the Muscovites. The Muscovite prince is said to be at Pleskow with a large force, with which it is expected he will invade Livonia. Farewell, and write me an answer.

Antwerp, February 6, 1580.

LXX

Languet to Sidney

OUR merchants who are going to the Frankfort fair will leave this place in a day or two. I will write by them to Wechel, to send your brother some money, for I feel sure he has nothing remaining of that which he received from you a year ago: and now that Dr. Lobetius has left Strasburg, I fear there is no one there who will take very great care of him. I know that his host is a very poor man and cannot give him credit.

The Prince of Orange has not yet returned, and therefore nothing is going on here. He has gone into Gueldres, which is in some confusion; for

they say that the monks and priests have lately been driven out of Nimeguen, which is the principal city of that country, and in which a year ago there were very few who professed the reformed religion: but John, Count of Nassau, the Prince's brother, who is the governor of that province, has very much advanced the cause by his wisdom and moderation. The nobility seemed inclined to fall off to the Spaniards, but the cities, persuaded by Count John, resisted their attempts, and threatened the last degree of severity to any who should leave the confederacy. There is a report here that the Gueldrians have given their vote to approve the terms which were drawn up in the assembly of the States to be proposed to the Duke of Anjou. I scarcely believe it is true, for when I was travelling through those parts two months ago, almost all with whom I then conversed seemed utterly opposed to the project. If the Prince has obtained their consent, he will easily, I think, procure that of the other provinces.

A meeting of the States of Holland and Zealand is called at the Hague, at which the Prince of Orange will be present. Before, however, he comes thither, he is to go from Gueldres to Utrecht, and from thence to Amsterdam, and from Amsterdam to Haarlem. I believe he is going to those cities for the purpose of proposing to them the measures which are to be passed in the meeting, and to persuade them to support him, before

Languet to Sidney

they send their deputies with their instructions to the meeting. Although his authority is nowhere so great as with the Hollanders and Zealanders, yet many persons think that he will have greater difficulty in persuading them to submit to Anjou's rule, than the rest. The people of Flanders have been very forward in approving the terms to be proposed to Anjou, and passed a decree on the subject; and that the people may never, in time to come, say that all this was done without their knowledge, they have translated the terms into the dialect of Flanders, and had it printed and published.

What inconsistency is this of the men of Ghent! A year ago they were cutting in pieces the name and character of Anjou with the bitterest abuse and most slanderous lampoons: and his envoys were driven from the city at night with ignominy. They even formed designs upon his life; and yet now they are the first with their votes to give over the sovereignty of the country to him. I think Brabant will follow the example of Flanders, for the magistrates and chief men of this city seem to incline that way. And how great influence the authority of this city, on which the eyes of all men are turned, will have on the business, you may yourself conjecture. When Orange has come back from Holland, there will be a convention here of all the confederate provinces, and then this whole ques-

tion will be decided. The malcontents, who style themselves the defenders of the Catholic religion, and have promised that they will not lay down their arms until they have brought back these countries under the dominion of the Pope and the King of Spain, are not prospering altogether as they might wish. A short time since, when they had invaded Flanders, the priests and monks at Bruges began to raise their crests higher than usual, on the strength of their approach: the people were indignant at this, and turned them all out of the city. They have also lately been expelled from West Friesland, where not only the forts which have been built in the towns, to keep the people to their obedience, are said to have been destroyed, but all those also which stand without the cities and belong to the nobles, who have lately made a conspiracy with the Count Renneberg, the governor of the country, and endeavoured to draw the province from the confederacy of the States. They say that Count Renneberg himself has fled to Groningen, where I doubt if he is his own master.

I had written to Master Dyer, before I received your letter. I have heard from the Emperor's court, that the Queen Elizabeth, the widow of Charles, the King of France, has resolved to retire with certain noble maidens to Vienna, into the monastery of St. Anne, and there pass the rest of her life, and not admit proposals of mar-

Languet to Sidney

riage from anyone: and so the Duke of Savoy will be disappointed. Farewell.

Antwerp, February 27, 1580.

LXXI

Languet to Sidney

OF your coming into this country, I shall now write more freely, since I have found a person to whom I can trust my letters. Your countrymen here, by quarrelling together and by mutually disparaging each other, have procured only contempt for themselves, and have greatly alienated the minds of the people of this country. They are impatient of control, and insolent to their officers, which increases the dislike of the inhabitants. The leaders also have lost much of their reputation, so that if you should come hither, they would all flock to your standard. But I would rather that you should have raw recruits, than veteran soldiers, corrupted by a long course of license, whom, moreover, you could not entertain without creating unpopularity, or without injustice to those under whom they have hitherto served. I think you will have to be careful not to appear to wish to gain influence for yourself, or impair that of others by intrigue; that would be an invidious

procedure, and besides, you have no need of such appliances, since by the force of your character and abilities you may easily come to be thought more of than the rest of your countrymen. I would not have you bring recommendations from any quarter, except from your own goodness, lest the tribute that shall be paid to your character may appear to be given to such introductions. If you have a few followers with you, you will be able to keep order among them more easily, but you will do well, if you warn them before you leave your country, that you will not incur discredit and disgrace on their account, and that they must not be discontented if you discharge those who are disorderly.

Languet to Sidney

To speak plainly, I fear that, of the qualifications of a commander, severity will be the one in which you will be deficient. For by nature and inclination you are formed for gentleness, and soldiers cannot be kept to their duty without severity; and because it has gone out of fashion, our wars deserve the name of plundering expeditions rather than wars. For our men do more harm to those who pay them than to their enemies. I wonder why the Duke of Anjou has conceived this dislike of you. If he hates you only because you opposed him in England, he will soon be reconciled to you, and it will be unnecessary for you to say more than that you acted, not from ill-will towards him, but for the

Languet to Sidney

good of your country. You gain neither advantage nor honour by quarrelling with men of his rank.

Antwerp, March 12, 1580.

LXXII

Languet to Sidney

A FEW days since, Count Egmont came to Ninove, which belongs to him, and is seven or eight miles from Ghent, and five from Brussels. He had come thither in hopes of gaining possession of Brussels, with the help of some of his partisans in the city. La Noue was at Ghent at the time; and having learnt that Egmont was come to Ninove, he marched out from Ghent in the evening of the twenty-ninth of last month, with such troops as he had at hand, and gathering up a few more on the road, pushed on to Ninove with all speed, hoping to arrive there before daybreak, which, however, he did not accomplish. But although the sun was already risen when he reached the place, he thought it would be little to his credit to come away without striking a blow, and so he resolved to try by assault, what he had before designed to effect by surprise. He had heard that the town was defended on one side by a low rampart and a

ditch full of water, and that between the rampart and the ditch, a fence was set up of oaken palisades. The townspeople considered that side the strongest, and felt more secure in that quarter than elsewhere. La Noue had been informed that the water in the ditch was only three feet deep, and therefore he judged that the assault should be attempted on that side. But in order to draw away the garrison from that point, he ordered a party of his people to attack the town on the opposite side with as much noise as possible. As soon as they had done this, and the soldiers of the garrison, as La Noue had calculated, began to hasten to this point, he gave orders to the men whom he had kept with himself, to step into the ditch, and with poles armed with iron hooks, provided for the purpose, to pull down the palisade of oak, and when this was destroyed, to dash into the town. This they did promptly, and so the place was won. Count Egmont was taken there, with some of the nobility of Artois, who had accompanied him, all of whom, I hear, have been carried to Ghent. I believe Egmont had with him his wife, whom he married last winter. I have not yet heard whether many of La Noue's men fell in the assault. Some of Egmont's accomplices have been taken at Brussels, and they are treating with them to give up the other conspirators. A plan was also on foot for betraying Vilvorde, and some of the traitors were put in

Languet to Sidney

irons a few days ago. La Noue has been ordered by the States of these provinces to raise a body of cuirassiers, of which he is to have the command. Although the States have promised that they will faithfully pay the soldiers whom he shall enlist, he places so little reliance on a promise of this sort, that he would not send for men out of France, fearing lest they should complain that he had deceived them, if their pay was not punctually given to them; but he is raising them here, and before he takes a man, he tells him plainly how hard it is to procure the payment of the men's wages.

The King of Spain is not prospering as he hoped in Portugal. The nobility of the country is rather inclined to him, but the people have the strongest aversion to him. He has resolved, however, to vindicate by arms the claim which he says he has on the kingdom, and has appointed Alva to command the forces which he has already prepared. He is detaining the ships and crews of foreign traders, to use them in the war, and they say the Portuguese are doing the same thing. Large supplies of arms are being carried by traders from these parts into Portugal. But I suppose you have better information on these subjects where you are, than we have here, and therefore it is superfluous to write about them. They say the King of Spain has lately had a daughter born to him. Some persons write word

from France that the Rochelois have taken a Spanish ship, laden with a large cargo of money, and profess openly that they had their orders from the Duke of Anjou. If you wish me to serve you in any way here, let me know in good time. Farewell. Languet to Sidney

Antwerp, April 2, 1580.

LXXIII

Languet to Sidney

AS we have often conferred together about your coming into these parts, I shall freely write to you and tell you of a plan I have formed, or rather how I am obliged to comply with the request of others. The Prince of Orange and his illustrious consort have begged of me to take the management of some private affairs for them in France, and to proceed thither with the envoys who are just now sent from Flanders to Anjou, in order that I may be secure from the perils which attend those who travel in France nowadays, for there is no doubt the civil war is breaking out afresh. I came hither to enjoy rest and the society of good men, and the pleasure of your friendship at a less distance; and my age makes me now less able to support the fatigue of a long journey, and I know the dangers which

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I must undergo; nevertheless, I would not refuse my assistance to a man who excels all whom I know, in wisdom, and from whom I am continually receiving the greatest kindness.

Nothing troubles me more, than that I must depart from hence just at the time when I hoped you would come hither; for I hear that your noble sister has been safely delivered of a beautiful boy, and so has made her husband and all of you her near relations happy. I rejoice that she is relieved of her danger, and you all from your anxiety, and I congratulate you on the happiness which I am sure possesses you. In truth, some share of the happiness reaches even me; for her singular excellence and her generosity to me, though she never knew me, made me not a little anxious on her account, until the news was brought me of her safe delivery.

Antwerp, May 6, 1580.

LXXIV

Languet to Sidney

ONE great advantage of your regard for me I find in this, that there is hardly one of those whom you have made your friends who does not desire to obtain my friendship, because he knows that you love me. Such of

them, however, as are here, are astonished that you find pleasure in your long retirement; and though they readily believe that it is made most delightful to you by the society of your dearest friends, still they think you ought very carefully to reflect whether it is consistent with your character to remain so long concealed. They fear that those who do not so well know your constancy may suspect that you are tired of that toilsome path which leads to virtue and which you formerly pursued with so much earnestness. They are fearful, too, that the sweetness of your lengthened retirements may somewhat relax the vigorous energy with which you used to rise to noble undertakings, and a love of ease which you once despised, creep by degrees over your spirit. They have accordingly often begged me to write to you on this matter, which hitherto I always refused to do, saying that I knew well the steadiness of your mind, and that they need not fear its vigour and its edge would be dulled by idleness; and that, even if the common herd should entertain false suspicions of you, you could at any time easily wipe them away. Though I frequently answered them in such terms as these, and added that I wondered they did not write to you themselves if they thought it so necessary, they did not cease to urge me to write, and in answer to what I had to say, alleged that my letters would have more weight with you than

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theirs. At last I suffered myself, not to be persuaded, but rather forced to trifle with you for their gratification; for I am well aware that I can produce nothing for your conviction which has not already occurred to yourself.

While we lived together, I so greatly admired the acuteness of your apprehension, young as you were, the soundness of your judgement, and your high and excellent spirit, that I had no doubt, if God granted you long life, your country would find no small assistance in dangers from your virtue; especially since I observed, in addition to those mental endowments, splendour of birth, majesty of person, the expectation of great wealth, the authority and influence of your relations in your country, and all those other things which are commonly called gifts of fortune. You used sometimes to say that you were by nature entirely averse to the excitement and the fascinations of a court, and that when you returned home, nothing would delight you more than to pass your life with your friends in dignified ease, if ever such a lot should be granted to you. I was indeed afraid you were speaking seriously, when I thought of your modesty, and how free from all ambition you were; but I judged that though that was then your resolution, you would change your mind as you grew older, and even if you should persevere in it, your country would never permit itself to be cheated of the benefit

of your character, which it had a right to claim as its own.

On your return to England, adorned with those splendid endowments, and furnished with information beyond your years, you carried away the admiration of all men; and all of your nobility who had a name for generosity of sentiment began eagerly to compete for your friendship. To all this was added the good-will of her most gracious Majesty, who, in order to encourage you in your progress to distinction, admitted you to a state of intimacy with herself, and honoured you with that noble mission to the Emperor of which you acquitted yourself with the greatest credit three years ago. How highly she esteemed you, she testified by that remarkable eulogy which the illustrious prince, Duke John Casimir, whom I suppose you remember, declared he heard from her own lips. What pleasure do you think your noble father and all who love you must have felt, when they saw everything turn out so prosperously for you, in your very probation at court?

I left Germany, and came to this country, disturbed as it is, that I might be a near spectator of your successes, on which my happiness depended, and that I might enjoy the great pleasure I always feel at seeing affairs go on to your satisfaction. But contrary to what I hoped, it fell out, that when I came hither I found a sort of cloud over your fortunes, which turned the pleasure which

Languet to Sidney

I already enjoyed by anticipation, into sorrow. Consider well, I entreat you, how far it is honourable to you to lurk where you are, whilst your country is imploring the aid and support of her sons. If the advice which you offered, believing it to be good for England, was not received as it deserved, you must not therefore be angry with your country; for good citizens ought to pardon her every wrong, and not for any such reason desist from working for her preservation. When Themistocles was proposing measures that were salutary to his country, Eurybiades threatened to strike him if he did not hold his peace; to which he replied, "Strike, but hear." Imitate Themistocles, and undeceive your countrymen, who think that the Spaniards have forgotten the wrongs which they have often in the past years received at your hands; and even if they had received none at all, the hatred of the religion which you profess would be enough to whet them to your destruction. They are in error who think that you have nothing to fear from their successes in Portugal and in this country; it is to these that I ascribe the fact that the Papists among you have begun their intrigues again.

You know that the ambassadors who were sent from hence to Anjou, sailed from Flushing a month ago. We know that they have reached him in safety, although we have as yet received no letters from them. This plan of inviting Anjou dis-

pleases the neighbouring nations to a surprising degree, and they find great fault with the Prince of Orange, and the States of these provinces, as if they were guilty of some heavy crime in the affair. Those who are idle spectators of other men's dangers, and offer them no help in their need, are unfair if they find fault with them for begging the assistance of others, with whose aid they trust they may escape from perils which they cannot surmount by their own strength. These provinces are so worn out by their long wars, that they cannot defend themselves against the power of the Spaniards by their own resources; and in truth it has been a great gain to them that the Spaniard has been hampered by the Portuguese war, and has been therefore unable to turn all his forces against them, which he will do as soon as he has subdued the Portuguese, as we learn from the letters of Cardinal Granvelle, lately intercepted. . . . The King of Spain has proscribed the Prince of Orange, and has caused the edict which contains the proscription to be printed. The King appears to me to be exposing his character disgracefully by this edict. I could not well have believed that he would have recourse to such a measure.

Languet to Sidney

Antwerp, September 24, 1580.

LXXV

Languet to Sidney

YOUR letter was on many accounts most delightful to me, but especially because I learn from it that you have come forth from that hiding-place of yours into open day. . . . I am glad you have told me how your letter about the Duke of Anjou has come to the knowledge of so many persons; for it was supposed before, that you had made it known to show that you despised him, and cared nothing for his dislike; which appeared to me by no means a safe proceeding, and inconsistent, besides, with your natural modesty. And therefore I suspected that you had been urged to write by persons who either did not know into what peril they were thrusting you, or did not care for your danger, provided they effected their own object. Since, however, you were ordered to write as you did by those whom you were bound to obey, no fair-judging man can blame you for putting forward freely what you thought good for your country, or even for exaggerating some circumstances in order to convince them of what you judged expedient.

About Anjou's coming to you, and his marriage, I think as I always have thought. But if he shall come hither, and you wish to be reconciled to him, nothing will be easier. The Prince of Orange,

whom doubtless he will esteem and regard as a father, will be able to do it better than anyone else. St. Aldegonde, Duplessis, and Villers are most friendly to you; they will surely have much influence with him, and will do anything to serve you. And if others should fail, perhaps I could do something in the matter, for when I was with him last summer, he conversed with me in as friendly a manner as yourself.

Languet to Sidney

Your countryman, Drake, must indeed possess the greatest genius, courage, and perseverance. It seems to me far more astonishing that he should have been able to subsist himself and his men so long, surrounded as he was on all sides by enemies, than that he should have sailed around the world. He has accomplished a deed which will be an honour not to himself alone, but to your country, unless you sully your share of the glory by any ungrateful behaviour towards him. I beg if you have any particulars regarding his voyage, you will let me have them. In truth, I honour and highly esteem the man, though I do not know him. I do not doubt his name will be renowned to all posterity, and I advise you to cultivate his friendship. There seems reason to fear that the flame which burns in Ireland may one day seize upon your own England; all men agree that you carry on the war there as if you desired to keep it alive rather than suppress it.

My friends who write to me from Germany

Languet to Sidney

about your noble brother, highly commend his goodness, his talents, and his industry in study. They say he has been most successful in learning German, and I see that he has made great progress in Latin, for he writes much more elegantly than formerly. He is now going to the Imperial court. I have commended him particularly to Aurelius, the French Secretary, who knows the ways of that court thoroughly. He desires to visit Italy early in the spring, and it will be your business to let him know betimes what you think of this plan, that he may prepare for the journey.

M. de la Val, whom you saw at Basle, has come hither from Germany; I think he will winter with us. Dr. Niphus greets you; he has come hither on private business. Our common friend, Master Daniel Rogers, being on a mission from the Queen into Germany, was taken near Cleves by a party of marauders, and carried off to the fort of Blimbeck, which belongs to Martin Schenck. It will be your business to procure his release, for the Prince of Orange can do nothing in the matter; the people who have captured Rogers are his greatest enemies. I beg you will greet Master Dyer heartily from me.

Antwerp, October 22, 1580.

LXXVI

Languet to Sidney

THE Archduke Mathias has heard from Vienna that peace is made between the Turks and Persians, and letters from Constantinople imply the same, but do not directly affirm it. They add that the Sultan has commanded Ochiali to have a number of new galleys built, so that it is expected he will make some attempt against the Spaniards next summer. It certainly concerns him in the highest degree that the Spaniards should not conquer Portugal, lest they should deprive Egypt of their traffic with India by the Red Sea. And the Venetians, with those of Marseilles and others, who trade at Alexandria and Cairo, are equally interested. What we heard about the death of the King of Poland is not true. They say he has penetrated with his victorious army into the heart of Muscovy, and that the Muscovite is suing to him for peace.

The Prince of Orange has set out for Holland. I shall follow him to-morrow, if it please God, as he has desired me to do. I could not travel with him, because I had certain business to settle here before I could leave the place. I am glad to hear your countryman Drake is being more gently dealt with than you had expected. Farewell, and greet excellent Master Dyer respectfully from me.

Antwerp, October 28, 1580.

APPENDIX

Two Letters written by Philip Sidney to his Brother Robert on his Travels

TWO LETTERS

&c.

First Letter

MY Good Brother: you have thought unkindness in me that I have not written oftener unto you, and have desired I should write unto you something of my opinion touching your travel; you being persuaded my experience thereunto be something, which I must needs confess, but not as you take it; for you think my experience grows from the good things which I have learned; but I know the only experience which I have gotten, is to find how much I might have learned, and how much indeed I have missed, for want of directing my course to the right end, and by the right means. I think you have read Aristotle's Ethics; if you have, you know it is the beginning and foundation of all his works, the end, to which every man doth and ought to bend his greatest and smallest actions. I am sure you have imprinted in your mind the scope and mark you mean by your pains to shoot at; for if you should travel but to travel, or to say you have travelled, certainly you should prove a pilgrim to no purpose. But I presume so well of you, that though a great number of us never thought in ourselves why we went, but a certain tickling humour to do as other men had done, you purpose, being a gentle-

Sidney to his Brother Robert

man born, to furnish yourself with a knowledge of such things as may be serviceable for your country and calling, which certainly stands not in the change of air, for the warmest sun makes not a wise man; no, nor in learning languages, although they be of serviceable use, for words are but words in what language soever they be, and much less in that all of us come home full of disguisements, not only of apparel, but of our countenances, as though the credit of a traveller stood all upon his outside; but in the right informing your mind with those things which are most notable in those places which you come unto.

Of which, as the one kind is so vain, as I think ere it be long, like the mountebanks in Italy, we travellers shall be made sport of in comedies: so may I justly say, who rightly travels with the eye of Ulysses, doth take one of the most excellent ways of worldly wisdom. For hard sure it is to know England, without you know it by comparing it with some other country, no more than a man can know the swiftness of his horse without seeing him well matched. For you, that are a logician, know, that as greatness of itself is a quantity, so yet the judgement of it, as of mighty riches and all other strengths, stands in the predicament of relation; so that you cannot tell what the Queen of England is able to do defensively or offensively, but through knowing what they are

able to do with whom she is to be matched. This therefore is one notable use of travellers, which stands in the mind and correlative knowledge of things, in which kind comes in the knowledge of all leagues between prince and prince: the topographical description of each country; how the one lies by situation to hurt or help the other; how they are to the sea, well harboured or not; how stored with ships; how with revenue; how with fortification and garrisons; how the people, warlike, trained, or kept under, with many other such considerations, which as they confusedly come into my mind, so I, for want of leisure, hastily set them down; but these things, as I have said, are in the first kind which stands in the balancing one thing with the other.

The other kind of knowledge is of them which stand in the things which are in themselves either simply good, or simply bad, and so serve for a right instruction or a shunning example. These Homer meant in this verse, "Qui multos hominum mores cognovit et urbes." For he doth not mean by "mores" how to look, or to put off one's cap with a new-found grace, although true behaviour is not to be despised; marry, my heresy is, that the English behaviour is best in England, and the Italian's in Italy. But "mores" he takes for that from whence moral philosophy is so called; the certainness of true discerning of men's minds, both in virtue, passion, and vices. And when he

saith "cognovit urbes," he means not, if I be not deceived, to have seen towns, and marked their buildings; for surely houses are but houses in every place; they do but differ "secundum magis et minus;" but he attends to their religion, politics, laws, bringing up of children, discipline both for war and peace, and such like. These I take to be of the second kind, which are ever worthy to be known for their own sakes. As surely in the great Turk, though we have nothing to do with him, yet his discipline in war matters is, "propter se," worthy to be known and learned.

Nay, even in the kingdom of China, which is almost as far as the Antipodes from us, their good laws and customs are to be learned: but to know their riches and power is of little purpose for us, since that can neither advance nor hinder us. But in our neighbour countries both these things are to be marked, as well the latter, which contain things for themselves, as the former, which seek to know both those, and how their riches and power may be to us available, or otherwise. The countries fittest for both these are those you are going into. France is above all other most needful for us to mark, especially in the former kind; next is Spain and the Low Countries; then Germany, which in my opinion excels all others as much in the latter consideration, as the other doth in the former, yet neither are void of neither; for as Germany, methinks, doth excel in good laws,

and well administering of justice, so are we likewise to consider in it the many princes with whom we may have league, the places of trade, and means to draw both soldiers and furniture thence in time of need. So on the other side, as in France and Spain, we are principally to mark how they stand towards us both in power and inclination; so are they not without good and fitting use, even in the generality of wisdom to be known. As in France, the Courts of Parliament, their subaltern jurisdiction, and their continual keeping of paid soldiers. In Spain, their good and grave proceedings; their keeping so many provinces under them; and by what manner, with the true points of honour; wherein since they have the most open conceit, if they seem over curious, it is an easy matter to cut off when a man sees the bottom. Flanders likewise, besides the neighbourhood with us, and the annexed considerations thereunto, hath divers things to be learned, especially their governing their merchants and other trades. Also for Italy, we know not what we have, or can have to do with them, but to buy their silks and wines; and as for the other point, except Venice, whose good laws and customs we can hardly proportion to ourselves, because they are quite of a contrary government; there is little there but tyrannous oppression, and servile yielding to them that have little or no right over them. And for the men you shall have there, although in-

deed some be excellently learned, yet are they all given to counterfeit learning, as a man shall learn among them more false grounds of things than in any place else that I know; for from a tapster upwards they are all discoursers. In fine, certain matters and qualities, as horsemanship, weapons, painting, and such, are better there than in other countries; but for other matters, as well, if not better, you shall have them in nearer places.

Now resteth in my memory but this point, which indeed is the chief to you of all others; which is the choice of what men you are to direct yourself to; for it is certain no vessel can leave a worse taste in the liquor it contains, than a wrong teacher infects an unskilful hearer with that which hardly will ever out: I will not tell you some absurdities I have heard travellers tell; taste him well before you drink much of his doctrine. And when you have heard it, try well what you have heard, before you hold it for a principle; for one error is the mother of a thousand. But you may say, how shall I get excellent men to take pains to speak with me? Truly in few words, either by much expense or much humbleness.

Second Letter

MY Dear Brother, for the money you have received, assure yourself (for it is true) there is nothing I spend so pleaseth me, as that which is for you. If ever I have ability, you will find it, if not, yet shall not any brother living be better beloved than you of me. I cannot write now to H. White, do you excuse me. For his nephew, they are but passions in my father, which we must bear with reverence; but I am sorry he should return till he had the circuit of his travel, for you shall never have such a servant as he would prove; use your own discretion therein. For your countenance, I would for no cause have it diminished in Germany; in Italy your greatest expense must be upon worthy men, and not upon householding. Look to your diet (sweet Robin) and hold up your heart in courage and virtue; truly, great part of my comfort is in you. I know not myself what I meant by bravery in you, so greatly you may see I condemn you; be careful of yourself, and I shall never have cares. I have written to Mr. Savile, I wish you kept still together, he is an excellent man; and there may if you list pass good exercises betwixt you and Mr. Nevyle, there is great expectation of you both. For the method of writing history, Boden hath written at large; you may read him and gather out of many words

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some matter. This I think in haste, a story is either to be considered as a story, or as a treatise, which besides that, addeth many things for profit and ornament: as a story, he is nothing but a narration of things done, with the beginnings, causes, and appendances thereof: in that kind your method must be to have "feriem temporum" very exactly, which the chronologies of Melancthon, Tarchagnota, Languet, and such others, will help you to. Then to consider by that . . . as you not yourself, Xenophon to follow Thucydides, so doth Thucydides follow Herodotus, and Diodorus Siculus follow Xenophon: so generally do the Roman stories follow the Greek, and the particular stories of present monarchies follow the Roman. In that kind you have principally to note the examples of virtue and vice, with their good or evil successes, the establishment or ruins of great estates, with the causes, the time, and circumstances of the laws then written of, the enterings and endings of wars, and therein, the stratagems against the enemy, and the discipline upon the soldier; and thus much as a very historiographer. Besides this, the historian makes himself a discourser for profit, and an orator, yea a poet, sometimes for ornament. An orator, in making excellent orations "e re nata," which are to be marked, but marked with the note of rhetorical remembrances: a poet, in painting forth the effects, the motions, the whisperings of the

people, which though in disputation one might say were true, yet who will mark them well, shall find them taste of a poetical vein, and in that kind are gallantly to be marked: for though perchance they were not so, yet it is enough they might be so. The last point which tends to teach profit is of a discourser, which name I give to whosoever speaks, "non simpliciter de facto, sed de qualitatibus et circumstantiis facti;" and that is it which makes me and many others rather note much with our pen than our mind, because we leave all these discourses to the confused trust of our memory, because they being not tied to the tenor of a question, as philosophers use sometimes places; the divine, in telling his opinion and reasons in religion; sometimes the lawyer, in showing the causes and benefits of laws; sometimes a natural philosopher, in setting down the causes of any strange thing, which the story binds him to speak of: but most commonly a moral philosopher, either in the ethic part, when he sets forth virtues or vices, and the natures of passions, or in the politic, when he doth (as he often doth) meddle sententiously with matters of estate. Again, sometimes he gives precept of war, both offensive and defensive, and so, lastly, not professing any art, as his matter leads him, he deals with all arts, which because it carrieth the life of a lively example, it is wonderful what light it gives to the arts themselves, so as the

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great civilians help themselves with the discourses of the historians; so do soldiers, and even philosophers and astronomers: but that I wish herein, is this, that when you read any such thing, you straight bring it to his head, not only of what art, but by your logical subdivisions, to the next member and parcel of the art. And so, as in a table, be it witty words, of which Tacitus is full; sentences, of which Livy; or similitudes, whereof Plutarch; straight to lay it up in the right place of his storehouse, as either military, or more especially defensive military, or more particularly defensive by fortification, and so lay it up. So likewise in politic matters, and such a little table you may easily make, wherewith I would have you ever join the historical part, which is only the example of some stratagem, or good counsel, or such like. This write I to you in great haste, of method without method, but with more leisure and study (if I do not find some book that satisfies), I will venture to write more largely of it unto you. Mr. Savile will with ease help you to set down such a table or remembrance to yourself, and for your sake I perceive he will do much, and if ever I be able I will deserve it of him; one only thing, as it comes into my mind, let me remember you of, that you consider wherein the historian excelleth, and that to note, as Dion Nicæus, in the searching the secrets of government; Tacitus, in the pithy opening the

venom of wickedness; and so of the rest. My time, exceedingly short, will suffer me to write no more leisurely: Stephen can tell you who stands with me while I am writing. Now (dear brother), take delight likewise in the mathematicals; Mr. Savile is excellent in them. I think you understand the sphere; if you do, I care little for any astronomy in you. Arithmetic and geometry, I would wish you well seen in, so as both in matter of number and measure you might have a feeling and active judgement; I would you did bear the mechanical instruments, wherein the Dutch excel. I write this to you as one, that for myself have given over the delights in the world, but wish to you as much, if not more, than to myself. So you can speak and write Latin, not barbarously, I never require great study in Ciceronianism, the chief abuse of Oxford, "qui dum verba fectantur, res ipsas negligunt." My toyful books I will send, with God's help, by February, at which time you shall have your money: and for £200 a year, assure yourself, if the estates of England remain, you shall not fail of it: use it to your best profit. My Lord of Leicester sends you forty pounds, as I understand by Stephen, and promiseth he will continue that stipend yearly at the least, then that is above commons; in any case write largely and diligently unto him, for in troth I have good proof that he means to be every way good unto you; the odd £30

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shall come with the hundred, or else my father and I will jarl. Now, sweet brother, take a delight to keep and increase your music, you will not believe what a want I find of it in my melancholy times. At horsemanship, when you exercise it, read Crison Claudio, and a book that is called "La gloria del' Cavallo," withal that you may join the thorough contemplation of it with the exercise; and so shall you profit more in a month than others in a year, and mark the bitting, saddling, and curing of horses. I would by the way your worship would learn a better hand; you write worse than I, and I write evil enough; once again, have a care of your diet, and consequently of your complexion; remember, "gratior est veniens in pulchro corpore virtus." Now, Sir, for news, I refer myself to this bearer, he can tell you how idle we look on at our neighbours' fires, and nothing is happened notable at home, save only Drake's return, of which yet I know not the secret points; but about the world he hath been, and rich he is returned. Portugal we say is lost: and to conclude, my eyes are almost closed up, overwatched with tedious business. God bless you, sweet boy, and accomplish the joyful hope I conceive of you. Once again commend me to Mr. Nevyle, Mr. Savile, and honest Harry Whyte, and bid him be merry. When you play at weapons, I would have you get thick caps and brasers, and play out your play lustily,

for indeed ticks and dalliances are nothing in earnest, for the time of the one and the other greatly differs, and use as well the blows as the thrust: it is good in itself, and besides exerciseth your breath and strength, and will make you a strong man at the tourney and barriers. First in any case practise the single sword, and then with the dagger; let no day pass without an hour or two such exercise: the rest study, or confer diligently, and so shall you come home to my comfort and credit. Lord! how I have babbled: once again farewell, dearest brother. Your most loving and careful brother,

Philip Sidney.

At Leicester House,
this 18th of October, 1580.

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The letters of Languet to Philip Sidney were first collected and printed at Frankfort in 1633. In 1646 they were published by the Elzevirs at Leyden under the title of "Huberti Langueti Epistolæ Politicæ et Historicæ ad Philippum Sydnæum." They were reprinted by Lord Hailes at Edinburgh in 1776. But, with the exception of some extracts made by Zouch in his Life of Sidney, they were not translated into English until 1845, when Steuart A. Pears, M.A., Fellow of Christ Church College, Oxford, published his very full selection in "The Correspondence of Sir Philip Sidney and Hubert Languet, Now First Collected and Translated from the Latin with Notes and a Memoir of Sidney." The text of this work has been adopted in the present volume. Of the seventeen letters from Sidney which it also contains, the last three in the series were discovered in the Public Library at Zurich, in the year 1842. These were translated into English for a publication of the Parker Society, and Pears was permitted to embody them in his own work. The rest of Sidney's letters, including the one addressed to his friend and travelling companion, the Count of Hannau, were discovered by Pears himself in the Public Library at Hamburg, to which he traced them through their description

Bibliographical Note

in the catalogue of a former, private, owner. Five of these letters are only copies; the others, like those at Zurich, are said to be originals. Pears' long and interesting Memoir, together with his minute notes, has been of use to the present editor in his briefer introduction; while, for additional details of Languet's life, he is indebted to "Hubert Languet," by Henri Chevreul, Paris, 1856.

W. A. B.

THIS VOLUME
WITH TITLE-PAGE BY W. A. DWIGGINS
WAS PRINTED BY D. B. UPDIKE
AT THE MERRYMOUNT PRESS
BOSTON MASSACHUSETTS
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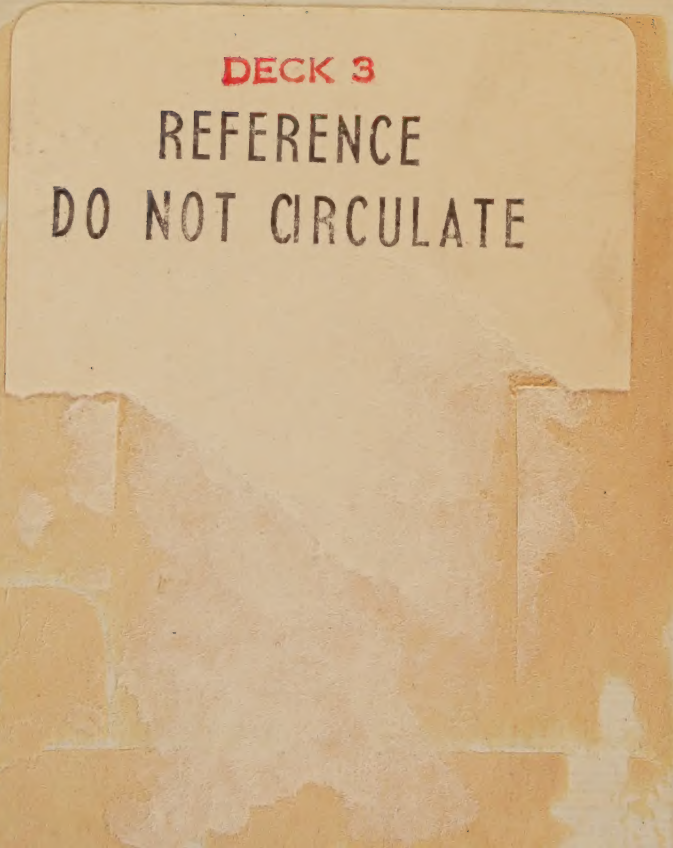

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